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TRAVELS

THROUGH

SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND

IN 1782

C.P. MORITZ

TRAVELS

OF

CARL PHILIPP MORITZ

IN ENGLAND

IN 1782

A reprint of

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION

of 1795

With an Introduction by

P. E. MATHESON

LONDON
HUMPHREY MILFORD
1924

Oxford University Press
London Edinburgh Glasgow Copenhagen
New York Toronto Melbourne Cape Town
Bombay Calcutta Madras Shanghai
Humphrey Milford Publisher to the UNIVERSITY

68734
600139756 9

Printed in England

PREFATORY NOTE.

When I suggested to Mr. Milford a reprint of Moritz's *Travels* and began to look into the life of Moritz I had no idea that he touched the main movements of German thought and literature at so many points. I have been more than rewarded in my search into his life by coming to know his *Anton Reiser*, which I commend to all Englishmen interested in education or psychology, who can read simple, unsophisticated German prose. It is at once a work of art and a very moving revelation of a man's development.

A life of Moritz is given in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, and also in the Introduction to the edition of *Anton Reiser* by Dr. Hans Henning in the Reclam series, and that by Dr. Fred B. Hardt (see p. xviii, note. To the references there given should be added Varnhagen von Ense's *Denkwürdigkeiten* iv. p. 20). The German title of the first edition of the *Travels* is *Reisen eines Deutschen in England in 1782 in Briefen an Herrn Direktor Gedike.*

I wish to thank Professor Fiedler for his kind help. He was good enough to lend me his copy of Otto zur Linde's edition of the *Travels*, to which I owe several useful references, and also a volume of the proceedings of the Manchester

824.49

Goethe Society, containing articles both on Moritz and on William Taylor. He has also kindly read my Introduction and made valuable suggestions.

After I had written my Introduction Mr. Lawrence Powell, of the Taylor Institution, called my attention to Austin Dobson's general account of Moritz's *Travels*, 'A German in England', in *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, Series I. I have to thank him for this and other references and for showing me Mr. J. A. Kelly's book on *England and the Englishman in German Literature of the Eighteenth Century*.

The spelling and, for the most part, the punctuation of the original translation have been retained. A few obvious misprints have been corrected. Attention is called in the notes to some of the more striking deviations from the German original. I have not been able to discover the editor of the English edition. The translation was made from the edition of 1785.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of C. P. Moritz . . . . *Frontispiece*
Facsimile title-page of Second German edition . . . . . *To face page viii*
Frontispiece of the second German edition showing a scene in the Mitre, Oxford *To face page 1*

INTRODUCTION.

THE volume here reprinted became known to a certain number of English readers when it was republished in *Cassell's National Library* nearly forty years ago. The original translation of 1795 had long been out of print, but historians here and there had discovered it in Pinkerton's *Collections of Voyages and Travels*, where it appears in the second volume, side by side with other descriptions of travel in England in the eighteenth century. The history of Karl Philipp Moritz's book is given at length in the excellent critical edition of Otto zur Linde.[1] Published in 1783, the year after the travels described, with an engraving of the entrance to Peak Cavern on the frontispiece, the little German volume appeared in a second improved edition in 1785, this time with a new engraving, facing the frontispiece, of the midnight scene in the Mitre at Oxford, in which Moritz himself

[1] Carl Philipp Moritz, *Reisen eines Deutschen in England*, herausgegeben von Otto zur Linde. B. Behr's Verlag. Berlin, 1903. (In the original edition the name is printed Carl Philip Moriz.)

appears.[1] The English edition was published in 1795 (London, Robinson), two years after Moritz's death, and a second edition in 1797. It was included in Pinkerton's *Travels*, 1808, and in a shortened form, in which the epistolary setting disappears, in Mavor's *British Tourists*, vol. iv, 1798. After this, except for occasional references in magazine articles, the book seems to have been lost sight of until its reappearance in *Cassell's National Library* in 1887, when it was edited by Henry Morley, who, while he does justice to Moritz's charm of character, seems unaware that he was more than a German pastor with an amiable admiration for England.

The translation of 1795, and Pinkerton's reprint of it, omit the short and very characteristic preface of the original,[2] but add a somewhat long-winded introduction by the editor, the chief interest of which lies in the reference to the anonymous lady translator. It appears from this that the translator was not an Englishwoman and that she was the daughter of a scholar 'named with respect' in the *Travels*: and it is almost certain that she was, as Otto zur Linde suggests, one of the two daughters of Charles Godfrey Woide (1725–90), a

[1] The new engraving is from D. Chodowiecki (1726–1801), the most famous German 'illustrator' of that period. It includes a portrait of Moritz himself, seated behind the table.

[2] See below, p. xix.

Reisen

eines

Deutschen in England.

im Jahr 1782.

In Briefen

an Herrn Oberkonsistorialrath Gedike

von

Carl Philip Moritz.

Zweite verbesserte Auflage.

Berlin, 1785.
bey Friedrich Maurer.

Title-page of the Second German Edition.

native of Poland, educated in Germany and Holland, who spent his later years in England, where he was at one time preacher at the Dutch Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. He was a well-known oriental scholar, who edited for the Oxford University Press in 1778 the *Lexicon Aegyptiaco-Latinum*; he also edited the *Codex Alexandrinus*. In 1782, at the time of Moritz's visit, he was Assistant Librarian at the British Museum. The translation, as the editor says, is certainly not servile; but it has the merit of being remarkably readable. A comparison with the German text shows that at times it wanders rather far from it. Here and there is a mistranslation: little sentences are added now and again to amplify the traveller's story, to round a period, or clinch the author's remarks. The German is simpler and more closely knit, in this resembling the style of *Anton Reiser*, of which something will be said later; but, in spite of blemishes, the translation reproduces the chief charm of the *Travels*, which is one of character rather than of literary style. To those for whom Prussia means military arrogance it may not be amiss to recall the fact that a Prussian subject in 1782 thought it worth while to spend some months in England, not to learn English, for he knew it well already, but to gain a fuller acquaintance with the English people and their ways, to see London and Oxford, and the wonders of Peak Cavern in Derbyshire. It was an age of travellers

and records of travel, and between Germany and England in that half-century there was a brisk interchange.[1] It is not without interest to note that in the very year of Moritz's visit young William Taylor of Norwich,[2] who afterwards translated Bürger's *Lenore* and whose translations and writings[3] did much to make German literature known in England, was just returning from his travels in Germany. He is remembered among other things as a friend of Scott, as Borrow's teacher in German, and as the subject of one of Carlyle's essays on German literature. Moritz's adventure was indeed a bold one, in the form of travel which he chose. In an age when camping and 'caravaning' were unknown, and when walking tours had not yet come into fashion, it required no ordinary courage to walk alone along the roads of an unknown country, with little or no luggage: we read on one occasion, it is true, of a change of linen,

[1] See J. A. Kelly, *England and the Englishman in German Literature of the Eighteenth Century*, New York, Columbia University Press, 1921.

[2] For William Taylor see *D. N. B.*, and also xxix and xxx, *Transactions of the Manchester Goethe Society*, 1886–93 (Manchester, 1894); also Georg Herzfeld, *William Taylor of Norwich: Eine Studie über den Einfluss der neueren deutschen Literatur in England.* Halle, 1897.

[3] Particularly his *Historic Survey of German Literature*, with translations. 3 vols. London, 1828–30. Reviewed by Carlyle in *Edinburgh Review*, No. 1905. See Carlyle in *Misc. Essays*, vol. iii. 217 (popular edition).

but no word is said, any more than in Anton Reiser's walking adventures in Germany, of a knapsack or bag for the traveller's necessaries, and we may surmise that such as they were they were carried in the capacious pockets of an eighteenth-century skirted coat. It is not surprising that innkeepers, who were prepared only for riders or for 'carriage company', looked with suspicion on this dusty way-worn stranger, plodding from town to town of England with no apparent object. What is more surprising is the philosophic good nature with which the pedestrian takes his rebuffs. If he complains it is more in sorrow than in anger: he adapts his ways to those of the innkeeper and his guests, and his sense of humour saves him from the worst distress, for it enables him to retort with spirit and wit to those who use him ill. His natural kindliness and his resolve to make the best of things, his determination to miss no new experience, carry him through cheerfully to the end. There are indeed moments which might well have disconcerted him; the sturdy beggar who confronts him with a heavy stick between Salthill and Maidenhead, the surly refusal of the Nuneham innkeeper to give him a night's shelter, the cruel tossing in the basket of the stage-coach to Northampton, all are taken in good part by a man who, as we learn elsewhere, had much of Odysseus in his composition, 'ever roaming with a hungry heart'. He would have enjoyed Tennyson's *Ulysses* to the full.

This bold adventurer on the road, for which, as we know, he had trained himself six or seven years before by his excursions on foot to Weimar and to Bremen, has given us incomparable scenes; the story of his weary tramp from Nuneham into Oxford on the summer Sunday evening leads up to the moment when, after the dead fatigue of that long day's walk, cheerfulness at last breaks through in the jovial company of dons busy over pipes and ale in the Mitre, where his road-companion, Mr. Modd,[1] is his sponsor and companion until he has to hurry off in the early morning to read prayers at All Souls. And there is the vivid description of Peak Cavern, with its mysterious outer cave where the spinning gear of the rope-makers suggests the tortures of the damned, and the awesome heights and depths of the inner arches and abysses recall to us, but on a more stupendous scale, Scott's description of the Cave of Smowe[2] in Sutherland, which he visited with Robert Stevenson (grandfather of R. L. Stevenson) and the Commissioners of Northern Lights in August 1814. But these more sensational scenes of Moritz's

[1] So in the German: 'Maud' of the translator is a mistake. Mr. Modd was a Chorister of Magdalen and afterwards Chaplain of Corpus. (See Bloxam, *Magdalen College Register*, i. 166; T. Fowler, *Corpus Christi College*, p. 190, where we learn that Mr. Modd was admonished by the President and Fellows for drunkenness.)

[2] In Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. 219 (Cadell, 1837).

travel are only one side of his crowded experience in those short seven weeks in England from the 31st May to July the 18th, 1782. For his tale begins and ends with the Thames, and no more life-like description of London just before it began to burst the bounds of the old city has ever been given. We visit St. Paul's and its whispering gallery, Westminster and its Poet's Corner, which deeply moves the feelings of one who always carried a Milton in his pocket; we see Vauxhall and Ranelagh, a Vauxhall 'in silk stockings', the humours and violence of a Westminster election, and—climax of all to a lover of free England—the House of Commons, with its free and easy manners, and its great speakers, Fox and Pitt and Burke, to whom Moritz listens as one who is no stranger to English politics. It was a busy and exciting moment when America was becoming a nation, and Gibraltar was undergoing its long siege, and Hastings was building up British power in Bengal. By the side of these more conspicuous scenes and persons we have the record of the theatres, and are introduced to the quiet society of the German community in London, the plain-living ambassador Count Lucy,[1] the accomplished Dr. Wendeborn,[2]

[1] Graf Spiridion von Lusi, born in Cephalonia in 1741, came to Berlin in 1777, and was Prussian ambassador in London, 1781–8 : a scholar, soldier, and diplomatist.

[2] Dr. G. F. A. Wendeborn (1742–1811) was pastor of a German church on Ludgate Hill from 1770 onwards, and

one of the interpreters of England to Germany, and Mr. Leonhardi,[1] who teaches German to Englishmen and English to Germans, and last but not least Baron Grothaus,[2] the famous walker, who lives in Chesterfield House, 'not far from General Paoli'. So narrowly did Moritz miss a meeting with the hero of Boswell's *Tour in Corsica*, just as he missed Boswell's greater hero on his travels, for Johnson was in Oxford June 10th–18th and dined on June 12th at Pembroke with Dr. Adams, Hannah More 'and other personages of eminence'. We may set this party against the less dignified scene in the Mitre when we are judging the academic society of that age. Whether he be in London or on the road, we find in Moritz always the same humanity, the same determination to be friends with all men, the same admiration for the fine bearing of the Englishman, the product, he believes, of a free Parliament, at thought of which he says,

wrote for the *Hamburger Correspondent*. His books on England and those of Archenholz did much to inform Germans on the England of his day. He gave up his pastorate in 1790. See *Allg. Deutsche Biographie*, and Kelly, *England and the Englishman in German Literature of the Eighteenth Century*.

[1] Leonhardi translated *The School for Scandal* and other plays into German. Cf. Gödeke, *Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung*. v. 256.

[2] Nicolaus Anton Heinrich Julius von Grothaus (1747–1801), a jurist and traveller, who took part in Paoli's liberation of Corsica, and was later an officer in the Prussian army.

apropos of the Westminster election, 'all the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, and Anthony were now revived in my mind'. It was not for nothing that Moritz had read his Shakespeare. If his first interest was in character and in the influence of politics on character, the second was in language, a fascinating study which had already engaged his attention in Germany. To know what manner of man he was we have only to turn to his *Anton Reiser, Ein psychologischer Roman*, 1785–90, an avowed autobiography, which gives the story of the first twenty years of his life. It is an absorbing record of the development of a sensitive self-analysing nature, set down with the same simplicity and narrative skill which we find in the *Travels*. The outward story of his short and adventurous life (1756–93) is soon told. Born at Hameln in 1756 (*n.*) in a very humble house, the son of a regimental oboist, whose parents, austere in their pietism, had little sympathy for their child, he passed his early years in a painful struggle with hard conditions and the excitements of an impressionable nature, which craved affection and support, and was driven by unkindly surroundings into seeking satisfaction in the imagined world of his too vivid dreams. After suffering as apprentice to a hat-maker in Brunswick he came back to Hanover, where he got a school education with the help of

friends from 1770 to 1776: but he suffered much as a poor scholar, living with poor folk at their expense, and without the physical force to overcome the assaults of a self-tormenting spirit. But, with intervals of inattention and depression, he read widely in German and English poetry, philosophy, and general literature. We must remember that it was a stirring time for German literature and the German stage. Lessing's *Emilia Galotti* appeared in 1772, Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen* in 1773, Schiller's *Die Räuber* in 1781. The German world of letters was in ferment with the *Sturm und Drang* movement and the *Aufklärung* which prepared the way for the classical period. A passion for acting and the theatre drew Moritz to Erfurt, Gotha, and Weimar, but he failed to get an engagement, and after some months as a matriculated student at Erfurt he followed another acting company to Leipzig. Finally, after various wanderings, he joined the University of Wittenberg as a student of theology and stayed there two years. After trying to become a military chaplain he received a post in the Gymnasium zum grauen Kloster in Berlin, where he became Vice-Principal (Konrektor). The stimulus of the growing city, now under the influence of the *Aufklärung*, did much to encourage and confirm his powers, and he soon began to write, at first on language and psychology; his friendship with Gedike (1754–1803) the great humanist and an authority on

Paedagogik, to whom the letters from England are addressed, illustrate his educational bent at this time: he shared fully in the humanistic movement then transforming the schools of Germany, and his *Anton Reiser* shows his intense interest in the growth of a child's mind.

The visit to England was an interlude in his Berlin life. He taught there at the *Graue Kloster* and at the *Köllnische Gymnasium* till 1786, when his eager exploring spirit found new expression in a visit to Italy, which was a turning-point in his life, for in Rome he lived in close intimacy with Goethe.[1] Goethe had help from Moritz in the prosody of his *Iphigenie*, and Moritz gained much from Goethe for his books on mythology (*Götterlehre*,[2] 1791) and aesthetics. The friendship was renewed at Weimar in 1788, when Moritz made the acquaintance of Duke Karl August, through whom he was appointed Professor der Theorie der schönen Künste und Alterthumskunde in Berlin, where he gave stimulating lectures. In spite of his friendship with Goethe and other good friends, not least the Jewish

[1] See Hume-Brown's *Life of Goethe*, p. 329, and J. Zeitler, *Goethe-Handbuch*, ii. 624 foll., a valuable appreciation of Moritz. See also Goethe's *Italienische Reise*, 18 Feb. 1787, 1 Dec. 1786, 8 Dec. 1786, 6 Jan. 1787, 10 Jan. 1787, 18 Feb. 1787 (Weimar-Ausgabe, Band 30, pp. 227, 233, 244, 247, 274).

[2] Translated into English as *Mythological Fiction of the Greeks and Romans*, by C. F. W. Jaeger, New York, 1830.

philosopher Mendelssohn, he still had times of intense depression: he had had an unhappy love affair in Berlin before his Italian travel: in 1792 he married a young girl, but the marriage was not a happy one, and lasted barely a year. He died after a short illness in 1793, to the great grief of his friends, who loved him well, and felt that he had not reached the full height of his powers. A list of his published works (more than fifty) is given in the introduction to a reprint of *Anton Reiser* (Georg Müller, München und Leipzig, 1911) by Dr. Fred B. Hardt[1]: they show the variety of his tastes and his facility in writing. All who write of him seem to regard *Anton Reiser* as his most original work, but his writings on aesthetics and language and prosody had their influence on his generation. Moritz seems never to have been happy for long: a poor physique and an inveterate habit of self-study made him liable to fits of deep melancholy; but his travels in England were taken and described at a time when he had recovered his balance after the storms of his early life and was enjoying the sense of self-respect in a recognized position. The *Travels* stand on their own merits, but it adds to their interest to remember that 'Pastor Moritz', who passed across the English scene in the mask of a simple Dr. Primrose, had, in the heart of him,

[1] There is an article on Moritz's play, '*Blunt oder der Gast*' (1780), in the *Modern Language Review*, Oct. 1923.

a passion for the adventures of life and made his own distinctive contribution to German letters. His feelings were played upon by many influences: quietism, the stage, monastic life, the joy of vagrancy, the appeal of poetry and the fine arts, all in turn had their way with him. Perhaps his happiest days were in Rome when Goethe introduced him to a new view of life, and calmed for the time his restless spirit; but his stay in England, if it did not create for him a new world, gave him the satisfaction of a nearer knowledge of a world he had long known through books: he felt that he owed England an immense debt; Pope, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Milton, and above all Shakespeare, had been among the strong moulding forces of his early life, Fielding and Sterne were his familiar friends, and in the free bearing of the Englishman he found something which he missed in his own country, where Frederick's recruiting sergeants were typical of the militarism of the age. It was refreshing to find as he went from town to town of England 'no walls, no gates, no sentries, no garrisons'. Of the many visitors to England from Germany none better deserves to be remembered. In an age when philanthropy was the fashion he stands out as a true lover of men.

The short preface that he prefixed to his *Travels*, omitted in the English translation, is so characteristic of the man, that it may fitly be quoted here: it is not without humour. 'As

every man has his own measuring-rod, with which he measures things outside him, and his own point of view from which he looks at the objects he sees, it naturally follows that I am no exception to the rule. It is equally natural that many a man's impressions are bound to be different from mine. And so, if any one, for want of better occupation, should be minded to while away an hour over this book, I beg his attention to this short preface and his indulgence for the narrator.'

Freylich ist es das! p.a 160.

Frontispiece of the Second German Edition shewing a Scene in the Mitre, Oxford.

TRAVELS,

CHIEFLY ON FOOT,

THROUGH

SEVERAL PARTS OF ENGLAND,

IN

1782.

DESCRIBED

IN LETTERS TO A FRIEND,

BY CHARLES P. MORITZ,

A LITERARY GENTLEMAN OF BERLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

BY A LADY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

1795.

PREFACE,

By the EDITOR.

ONE of the most distinguishing features in the literary history of our age and country, is the passion of the public for voyages and travels. Of the books that have lately been published, there are none, novels alone excepted, that, in point of number, bear any proportion to them. A spot on the globe can hardly be named, whither some of our adventurous countrymen have not penetrated, and with a public spirit, and a degree of benevolence hardly inferior to their courage, what they have seen, they have published. First encouraged and promoted by royal munificence, it is equally to the credit of the Sovereign and his subjects, that both travelling, and the writing of travels, have become fashionable; and the prevailing objects of the public taste. Such has been our national partiality to travellers and travelling, that there are instances of enterprising and benevolent men, who have visited foreign countries, merely

that they might inform their countrymen what they heard and saw: nay, some have been so anxious to gratify this national curiosity, that more than one well-received and useful book of travels might be named, written by persons who never were travellers.

A similar taste actuated the people of France, as long as they continued to be a civilized people. Our rivals in every thing, they also were the only people, who had any pretentions to vie with us either as travellers, or the writers of travels. But, it is not mere national vanity to say, that the English, now at least, far excel the French both in the quantity and quality, of their books of travels. It does not seem difficult to account for this. The French, in general, are so well satisfied with themselves, that, where no political interests intervene, they are seldom much interested about any other people: and they travel and write their travels, not so much with any view of improving themselves, or their countrymen, as to be gratified by an opportunity of displaying their superiority to all other nations. It is fair to suppose also, that, like most other nations, they really have less curiosity, than has always marked the character of Englishmen. Still, it needs neither to be denied or concealed, that many Frenchmen have been great travellers, and have also published many valuable books of travels. It is remarkable, however, that whilst many Britons, who have rambled

but a few weeks in France, have been so obliging on their return as to favour their countrymen with a full and true account of all that they had heard and seen during their peregrinations, hardly any Frenchman has even given any account (and certainly not any good account) of these kingdoms. If Frenchmen who, more than any other nation, visited England, have seldom thought it worth their while to tell the world what they thought of us and our country, it was still less to be expected from the inhabitants of other countries; who, if not less in the habit of travelling, are certainly less in the habit of publishing their travels.

It may seem, perhaps, to abate a little of that strong idea of French vanity, with which it is hardly possible for Englishmen not to be impressed, to own, as impartiality requires we should, that the accounts which natives of France have given of their own kingdom do not, probably, much exceed those given of it by natives of Great-Britain, either in minuteness or accuracy, or even in number. These tours into France, however, or any other foreign tours, bear no proportion to the almost countless number of excursions and descriptions, given not only of our island in general, but of almost every particular part of it, by Britons. So copious indeed are these publications, that the valetudinarian, or the inactive man, may now, at his ease, obtain full and exact information of

every place, and every circumstance relative to our local history, without stirring from his own fire-side.

It is natural for every man to be partial to that country which he has the happiness to call his own: and for a native of this favoured land, not to be conscious of its superior value is something worse than stupidity. Still, however, it is necessary, proper, and desirable for the people of any country not to form their judgments of themselves entirely by their own observations; but to learn and know what opinions and what judgments are formed of them by persons, who cannot be suspected of being under any undue bias. It is particularly proper for Englishmen, who have so long allowed themselves the great liberty of giving their unreserved opinions of others. But, amidst all our stores of domestic, as well as travelling anecdotes, such a view of England seems to be still a desideratum.

That the humble volume now submitted, with all possible deference to the candour of the English nation, in an English dress, will fill up this gap in the literary history of the times, it might perhaps be deemed presumption confidently to suppose. All that the Editor of it ventures to hint on the subject, is, that it contributes something towards it: and that though this hasty sketch of our metropolis, and this short tour through a part of our kingdom by a Foreigner, be far enough from

being such an one as he could have wished to have brought forward, and would have brought forward, had there been a choice, it is the only one of the kind of a recent date, that he has happened to see. And though he is aware, that its contents are not of a nature likely to command a very general attention, and certainly not such as a professed book-maker, in the habit of catering for the public taste, would have provided, yet is it not without merit, and merit of a kind particularly entitled to the respect of Englishmen.

Besides the more obvious advantages likely to result from our occasionally listening to the remarks and opinions of other travellers, than those alone of France and our own country, it might not perhaps be without its use sometimes to consult them, if it were only on the score of composition. There is a manner of thinking, and a stile of writing, peculiar to every nation. An Englishman, for instance, would no more think of describing a country, or a people, with the minute prolixity of Germans in general, than he would of criticising a work of taste with the phlegm of a Dutch commentator, or with the elaborate and close precision of an argument on a theological thesis. Yet whilst we thus confine ourselves entirely to our own modes, it is possible we may overlook many little latent improprieties in our writings, to which custom now reconciles us; but which, it is probable, would be apparent to us, by

being compared with the similar writings of a different nation. By bringing our writings to this test, we should learn perhaps, that though we do already excel, we may yet be more excellent. That, in general, our books of travels are superior to those of most other people, will be contested by no competent judges; but, it by no means follows, that we have attained the acme of perfection in this species of writing. One glaring error into which our writers of travels, as well as the writers of history, have fallen, the editor hopes to be pardoned for mentioning; because, as he is neither a traveller, nor an author, he cannot well be suspected of being prompted either by jealousy or by envy. It is no longer sufficient, that a book is instructive and useful, it must also be entertaining: and hence, books of travels might be named, and histories too, written so much in the manner and character of novels, as actually to have become stock-books on the shelves of circulating libraries. There cannot be a more degrading condescension, than it is for writers of abilities thus meanly to flatter a false taste. From this fault at least, the volume now presented to the public, is exempt. Our German does not deal in the marvellous; neither does he affect to be sentimental. On a fine prospect, it is to be owned, he loves to dwell, and describe, with some degree of rapture; but he does not bewilder either himself, or his readers in the fairey scenes of picturesque beauty. His

matter is not always highly important, yet is it never beneath the notice of even a wise man; for, though we may perhaps but rarely admire his genius, we cannot but respect his good sense.

Considering to how many richer feasts of the kind we have lately been invited, that some of the first rate geniuses of our age have traversed our kingdom, as it were, on purpose to describe it, and that, as if their own immediate communications were not sufficiently alluring, their works have been still farther set off by all the charms that the elegant art of engraving can give them, it may seem little less than presumption to hope, that the wanderings on foot of a poor, obscure, German pastor, from London into Derbyshire, will attract many readers. It should be remembered, however, that good sense belongs exclusively to no age, profession or station; and that good sense, when accompanied by good nature, will always be sure to engage attention. Both these qualities our traveller will be found to possess, in no ordinary degree. Even when he is mistaken, he appears to be an intelligent man; and so candid and mild, that even indignities have not provoked him to use a single sharp expression.

The work is said to have been well received at Berlin, and in Germany in general; a circumstance by no means beneath the notice of British readers. For, it may deserve to be reflected on, whether this may not be one of the cases, in which

Foreigners are as likely to form a fair estimate of a work, as we are. If they are not so well acquainted with the subjects of which it treats, they are also less to be suspected of prejudice. Still, however, it is admitted, that, without any impeachment of their judgments on either side, those parts may be deemed of most value to a German, which an Englishman thinks of the least. To the former, for instance, it may be of some moment to know what reception Foreigners of all descriptions are likely to meet with in England: but, what Englishman can be very anxious to know, how the landlords and landladies of low ale-houses deport themselves towards an itinerant Foreigner, of perhaps no very promising appearance? And an attentive observer of human nature, whatever be his country or situation, will not be displeased to see men and things in scenes and circumstances which have hitherto escaped his notice, only, because they are common. If some of the incidents here related be, after all, confessedly insignificant, or even palpably erroneous, still it may not be without its use for us to reflect, that were many of our writers of travels, who have justly acquired no ordinary celebrity among us, to be tried and judged of by persons in the countries which they have described, it is more than probable, that many of their accounts of things, which have been admired in England, would there be rejected as frivolous or false. It

is obvious to remark, that any opinions formed by an hasty traveller, who tarrieth but a day, must needs be formed at much hazard. When therefore the candid reader may find himself sometimes tempted to smile at the simplicity of this good-natured German, whose hasty opinions of our people and our country could not but be oftentimes crude and inaccurate, let him also be just enough to reflect, that such must be the case also with sensible foreigners, when they read our books of travels into their countries.

All that the Editor presumes farther to add, is, that the translation is the first performance of the kind of a very young lady; whose name, if it had been thought proper to mention it, would be indifferent to no lover of sound and deep learning, and exemplary piety. It is her pride, and her consolation, to be one of the daughters of a venerable man, who is mentioned with all the respect due to him in the ensuing letters. And, young as she is, this is not the first time she has solicited and obtained British patronage, and British protection. And now, with all the diffidence natural to her sex and her years, she entreats, that this her maiden essay in literature may be received as a tender of her heart-felt gratitude. The Editor has revised the translation, which, though far from being servile, or even always literal, he thinks sufficiently faithful. Some little stiffness, it is possible, may still remain: but it

has been the aim of the translator, without departing from the sense of the author, to express that sense in such a way as she supposed her author would have done, had he been of London, rather than of Berlin. And this aim she seems, in general, very happily to have accomplished.

TRAVELS,

&c. &c.

On the Thames, 31st May.

AT length, my dearest Gedike, I find myself safely landed on the happy shores of that country, a sight of which has, for many years, been my most earnest wish; and whither I have so often, in imagination, transported myself. A few hours ago, the green hills of England yet swam imperfectly before our eyes, scarcely perceptible in the distant horizon: they now unfold themselves on either side, forming as it were a double Amphitheatre. The sun bursts through the clouds, and gilds alternately the shrubs, and meadows, on the distant shores: and we now espy the tops of two masts of ships just peeping above the surface of the deep.—What an aweful warning to adventurous men! We now sail close by those very sands, (*the Goodwin*) where so many unfortunate persons have found their graves.

The shores now regularly draw nearer to each other: the danger of the voyage is over; and the

season for enjoyment, unembittered by cares, commences. How do we feel ourselves, we, who have long been wandering, as it were, in a boundless space, on having once more gained prospects, that are not without limits! I should imagine, our sensations are somewhat like those of the traveller, who traverses the immeasurable deserts of America, when fortunately he obtains an hut wherein to shelter himself; in those moments he certainly enjoys himself; nor does he then complain of its being too small. It is indeed the lot of man to be always circumscribed to a narrow space; even when he wanders over the most extensive regions; even when the huge sea envelopes him all around, and wraps him close to its bosom, in the act, as it were, of swallowing him up in a moment: still he is separated, from all the circumjacent immensity of space only by one small part, or insignificant portion, of that immensity.

That portion of this space, which I now see surrounding me, is a most delightful selection from the whole of beautiful nature. Here is the *Thames* full of large and small ships, and boats, dispersed here and there, which are either sailing on with us, or lying at anchor; and there the hills on either side, clad with so soft, and mild a green, as I have no where else ever seen equalled. The charming banks of the *Elbe*, which I so lately quitted, are as much surpassed by these shores, as autumn is by spring! I see every where nothing but fertile and

cultivated lands; and those living hedges which in England, more than in any other country, form the boundaries of the green cornfields, and give to the whole of the distant country, the appearance of a large and majestic garden. The neat villages and small towns, with sundry intermediate country seats, suggest ideas of prosperity and opulence, which it is not possible to describe.

The prospect towards Gravesend is particularly beautiful. It is a clever little town, built on the side of an hill; about which there lie hill and dale, and meadows, and arable land, intermixed with pleasure-grounds and country seats; all diversified in the most agreeable manner. On one of the highest of these hills near Gravesend stands a wind-mill, which is a very good object, as you see it at some distance, as well as part of the country around it, on the windings of the Thames. But as few human pleasures are ever complete and perfect, we too, amidst the pleasing contemplation of all these beauties, found ourselves exposed, on the quarter-deck, to uncommonly cold and piercing weather. An unintermitting violent shower of rain has driven me into the cabin; where I am now endeavouring to divert a gloomy hour, by giving you the description of a pleasing one.

London, 2d June.

THIS morning those of us who were fellow passengers together in the great cabin, being six in number, requested to be set on shore, in a boat, a little before the vessel got to Dartford, which is still sixteen miles from London. This expedient is generally adopted, instead of going up the Thames, towards London; where, on account of the astonishing number of ships, which are always more crouded together the nearer you approach the city, it frequently requires many days before a ship can finish her passage. He therefore who wishes to lose no time unnecessarily, and wishes also to avoid other inconveniences, such as frequent stoppages, and, perhaps, some alarming dashings against other ships, prefers travelling those few miles by land in a post chaise, which is not very expensive, especially when three join together, as three passengers pay no more than one. This indulgence is allowed by Act of Parliament.

As we left the vessel we were honoured with a general huzza, or, in the English phrase, with *three cheers*, echoed from the German sailors of our ship. This nautical style of bidding their friends farewel our Germans have learned from the English. The cliff where we landed was white

and chalky, and as the distance was not great, nor other means of conveyance at hand, we resolved to go on foot to Dartford; immediately on landing we had a pretty steep hill to climb, and, that gained, we arrived at the first English village, where an uncommon neatness in the structure of the houses, which in general are built with red bricks, and flat roofs, struck me with a pleasing surprize, especially when I compared them with the long, rambling, inconvenient, and singularly mean cottages of our peasants. We now continued our way through the different villages, each furnished with his staff; and thus exhibited no remote resemblance of a caravan. Some few people who met us seemed to stare at us, struck, perhaps, by the singularity of our dress, or the peculiarity of our manner of travelling. On our route we passed a wood where a troop of gypsies had taken up their abode, around a fire, under a tree. The country, as we continued to advance, became more and more beautiful. Naturally, perhaps, the earth is every where pretty much alike, but how different is it rendered by art! How different is that on which I now tread from ours, and every other spot I have ever seen.—The soil is rich even to exuberance, the verdure of the trees and hedges, in short the whole of this paradisaical region is without a parallel! The roads too are incomparable; I am astonished how they have got them so firm and solid; every step

I took I felt, and was conscious, it was English ground on which I trod.

We breakfasted at Dartford. Here, for the first time, I saw an English soldier, in his red uniform, his hair cut short and combed back on his forehead, so as to afford a full view of his fine broad manly face. Here too I first saw (what I deemed a true English sight) in the street two boys boxing.

Our little party now separated, and got into two post-chaises, each of which hold three persons, though it must be owned three cannot sit quite so commodiously in these chaises as two; the hire of a post chaise is a shilling for every English mile. They may be compared to our extra posts, because they are to be had at all times. But these carriages are very neat and lightly built, so that you hardly perceive their motion, as they roll along these firm smooth roads; they have windows in front, and on both sides. The horses are generally good, and the postillions particularly smart and active, and always ride on a full trot. The one we had wore his hair cut short, a round hat, and a brown jacket, of tolerable fine cloth, with a nosegay in his bosom. Now and then, when he drove very hard, he looked round and with a smile seemed to solicit our approbation. A thousand charming spots, and beautiful landscapes, on which my eye would long have dwelt with rapture, were now rapidly passed with the speed of an arrow.

Our road appeared to be undulatory; and our journey, like the journey of life, seemed to be a pretty regular alternation of up hill and down, and here and there it was diversified with copses and woods; the majestic Thames, every now and then, like a little forest of masts, rising to our view, and anon losing itself among the delightful towns and villages. The amazing large signs which, at the entrance of villages, hang in the middle of the street, being fastened to large beams, which are extended across the street from one house to another opposite to it, particularly struck me; these sign posts have the appearance of gates, or of gateways, for which I at first took them, but the whole apparatus, unnecessarily large as it seems to be, is intended for nothing more than to tell the inquisitive traveller that there is an inn. At length, stunned as it were by this constant rapid succession of interesting objects to engage our attention, we arrived at Greenwich nearly in a state of stupefaction.

The Prospect of London.

We first descry'd it enveloped in a thick smoke, or fog. St. Paul's arose, like some huge mountain, above the enormous mass of smaller buildings. The monument, a very lofty column erected in memory of the great fire of London, exhibited to us, perhaps, chiefly on account of its immense height, apparently so disproportioned to its other

dimension (for it actually struck us as resembling rather a slender mast, towering up in immeasurable height into the clouds, than as what it really is, a stately obelisk) an unusual and singular appearance. Still we went on, and drew nearer and nearer with amazing velocity, and the surrounding objects became every moment more distinct. Westminster Abbey, the Tower, a steeple, one church and then another, presented themselves to our view; and we could now plainly distinguish the high round chimnies, on the tops of the houses, which yet seemed to us to form an innumerable number of smaller spires, or steeples.

The road from Greenwich to London is actually busier, and far more alive, than the most frequented streets in Berlin; at every step we met people on horseback, in carriages, and foot-passengers; and every where also, and on each side of the road, well-built and noble houses, whilst all along, at proper distances, the road was lined with lamp posts. One thing in particular struck and surprised me not a little, this was the number of people we met riding and walking with spectacles on, among whom were many who appeared stout, healthy, and young. We were stopped at least three times at barriers, or gates, here called turnpikes, to pay a duty or toll which, however small, as being generally paid in their copper coinage, in the end amounted to some shillings.

At length we arrived at the magnificent bridge

of Westminster. The prospect from this bridge alone seems to afford one, the epitome of a journey, or a voyage in miniature, as containing something of every thing that most usually occurs on a journey. It is a little assemblage of contrasts and contrarieties. In contrast to the round, modern, and majestic Cathedral of St. Paul's, on your right, the venerable, old-fashioned, and hugely noble, long, Abbey of Westminster, with its enormous pointed roof, rises on the left. Down the Thames, to the right, you see Blackfriar's Bridge, which does not yield much, if at all, in beauty, to that of Westminster; on the left bank of the Thames are delightful terraces, planted with trees, and those new tasteful buildings, called the Adelphi. On the Thames itself are countless swarms of little boats passing and repassing, many with one mast and one sail, and many with none, in which persons of all ranks are carried over. Thus, there is hardly less stir and bustle on this river, than there is in some of its own London's crouded streets. Here, indeed, you no longer see great ships, for they come no farther than London-Bridge.

We now drove into the City, by Charing-Cross, and along the Strand, to those very Adelphi Buildings, which had just afforded us so charming a prospect, on Westminster-Bridge.

My two travelling companions, both in the ship and in the post chaise, were two young English-

men, who living in this part of the town, obligingly offered me any assistance and services in their power; and, in particular, to procure me a lodging the same day in their neighbourhood.

In the streets through which we passed, I must own, the houses in general struck me as if they were dark and gloomy; and yet, at the same time, they also struck me as prodigiously great, and majestic. At that moment I could not, in my own mind, compare the external view of London with that of any other city I had ever before seen. But I remember, (and surely, it is singular) that about five years ago on my first entrance into Leipzig, I had the very same sensations I now felt. It is possible, that the high houses by which the streets at Leipzig are partly darkened, the great number of shops and the croud of people, such as till then I had never seen, might have some faint resemblance with the scene now surrounding me in London.

There are every where leading from the Strand to the Thames some well-built, lesser, or subordinate streets, of which the Adelphi-Buildings are now, by far, the foremost. One district in this neighbourhood goes by the name of York-Buildings; and in this lies George-street, where my two travelling companions lived. There reigns in those smaller streets, towards the Thames, so pleasing a calm, compared to the tumult and bustle of people, and carriages, and horses, that are con-

stantly going up and down the Strand, that in going into one of them you can hardly help fancying yourself removed at a distance from the noise of the City, even whilst the noisiest part of it is still so near at hand.

It might be about ten or eleven o'clock when we arrived here. After the two Englishmen had first given me some breakfast, at their lodgings, which consisted of tea and bread and butter, they went about with me themselves, in their own neighbourhood, in search of an apartment, which they at length procured for me, for sixteen shillings a week, at the house of a taylor's widow, who lived opposite to them. It was very fortunate, on other accounts, that they went with me, for, equipped as I was, having neither brought clean linen, nor change of cloaths from my trunk, I might, perhaps have found it difficult to obtain good lodgings.

It was a very uncommon, but pleasing sensation I experienced, on being now, for the first time in my life, entirely among Englishmen; among people whose language was foreign, their manners foreign, and in a foreign climate, with whom, notwithstanding, I could converse as familiarly as though we had been educated together from our infancy. It is certainly an inestimable advantage to understand the language of the country through which you travel. I did not at first give the people I was with any reason to suspect I could speak English; but I soon found that the more I

spoke, the more attention and regard I met with. I now occupy a large room in front on the ground floor, which has a carpet and matts, and is very neatly furnished; the chairs are covered with leather, and the tables are of mahogany. Adjoining to this I have another large room. I may do just as I please, and keep my own tea, coffee, bread and butter; for which purpose my landlady has given me a cupboard in my room, which locks up.

The family consists of the mistress of the house, her maid and her two sons, *Jacky* and *Jerry*; singular abbreviations for *John* and *Jeremiah*. The eldest, Jacky, about twelve years old, is a very lively boy, and often entertains me in the most pleasing manner, by relating to me his different employments at school; and afterwards desiring me, in my turn, to relate to him all manner of things about Germany. He repeats his *amo, amas, amavi*, in the same singing tone as our common school-boys. As I happened once, when he was by, to hum a lively tune, he stared at me with surprize, and then reminded me it was Sunday; and so, that I might not forfeit his good opinion, by any appearance of levity, I gave him to understand, that in the hurry of my journey, I had forgotten the day. He has already shewn me St. James's Park, which is not far from hence; and now let me give you some description of the renowned

St. James's Park.

This Park is nothing more than a semicircle, formed of an alley of trees, which enclose a large green area, in the middle of which is a marshy pond.

The cows feed on this green turf, and their milk is sold here on the spot, quite new.

In all the alleys, or walks, there are benches, where you may rest yourself. When you come through the Horse-Guards (which is provided with several passages) into the Park, on the right hand is St. James's Palace, or the King's place of residence, one of the meanest publick buildings in London. At the lower end, quite at the extremity, is the Queen's Palace, an handsome and modern building, but very much resembling a private house. As for the rest, there are generally every where about St. James's Park very good houses, which is a great addition to it. There is also before the semicircle of the trees just mentioned, a large vacant space, where the soldiers are exercised.

How little this famous park is to be compared with our park at Berlin I need not mention. And yet one cannot but form an high idea of St. James's Park, and other public places in London; this arises, perhaps, from their having been oftener mentioned in romances and other books than ours have. Even the squares and streets of London

are more noted, and better known, than many of our principal towns.

But what again greatly compensates for the mediocrity of this park, is the astonishing number of people who, towards evening, in fine weather, resort here; our finest walks are never so full even in the midst of summer. The exquisite pleasure of mixing freely with such a concourse of people, who are for the most part well dressed and handsome, I have experienced this evening for the first time.

Before I went to the park I took another walk with my little *Jacky*, which did not cost me much fatigue, and yet was most uncommonly interesting. I went down the little street in which I live to the Thames; nearly at the end of it, towards the left, a few steps led me to a singularly pretty terrace, planted with trees, on the very brink of the river.

Here I had the most delightful prospect you can possibly imagine. Before me was the Thames with all its windings, and the stately arches of its bridges; Westminster with its venerable Abbey to the right, to the left again London, with St. Paul's, seemed to wind all along the windings of the Thames; and on the other side of the water lay Southwark, which is now also considered as part of London. Thus, from this single spot, I could nearly, at one view, see the whole City, at least that side of it towards the Thames. Not far from hence, in this charming quarter of the town,

lived the renowned *Garrick*. Depend upon it I shall often visit this delightful walk, during my stay in London.

To day my two Englishmen carried me to a neighbouring tavern, or rather an eating-house, where we paid a shilling each for some roast-meat, and a sallad, giving, at the same time, nearly half as much to the waiter; and yet this is reckoned a cheap house, and a cheap stile of living.—But, I believe, for the future, I shall pretty often dine at home; I have already begun this evening with my supper. I am now sitting by the fire, in my own room in London; the day is nearly at an end, the first I have spent in England, and I hardly know, whether I ought to call it only one day, when I reflect what a quick and varied succession of new and striking ideas have, in so short a time, passed in my mind.

London, 5th June.

AT length, dearest Gedike (*n.*), I am again settled; as I have now got my trunk and all my things from the ship, which arrived only yesterday. Not wishing to have it taken to the Custom-house, which occasions a great deal of trouble, I was obliged to give a douceur to the officers, and those who came on board the ship, to search it. Having pacified, as I thought, one of them with a couple of shillings, another came forward and protested

against the delivery of the trunk upon trust, till I had given him as much: to him succeeded a third; so that it cost me six shillings, which I willingly paid, because it would have cost me still more at the Custom-house.

By the side of the Thames were several porters, one of whom took my huge heavy trunk on his shoulders with astonishing ease; and carried it till I met a hackney-coach. This I hired for two shillings; immediately put the trunk into it; accompanying it myself; without paying any thing extra for my own seat. This is a great advantage in the English hackney-coaches, that you are allowed to take with you, whatever you please: for you thus save at least one half of what you must pay to a porter, and besides go with it yourself; and are better accommodated. The observations, and the expressions of the common people here have often struck me, as peculiar: they are generally laconic; but always much in earnest, and significant. When I came home, my landlady kindly recommended it to the coachman not to ask more than was just, as I was a foreigner: to which he answered; nay, if he were not a foreigner, I should not overcharge him.

My letters of recommendation to a merchant here, which I could not bring with me on account of my hasty departure from Hamburgh, are also arrived. These have saved me a great deal of trouble in the changing of my money. I can now

take my German money back to Germany; and when I return thither myself, refund to the correspondent of the merchant here, the sum which he here pays me in English money. I should otherwise have been obliged to sell my Prussian *Friedrick's d'or* for what they weigh'd: for some few Dutch dollars, which I was obliged to part with, before I got this credit, they only gave me eight shillings.

A foreigner has here nothing to fear from being pressed as a sailor; unless indeed he should be found at any suspicious place. A singular invention for this purpose of pressing, is a ship which is placed on land not far from the Tower on Tower-hill, furnished with masts and all the appurtenances of a ship. The persons attending this ship promise simple country people, who happen to be standing and stareing at it, to shew it to them for a trifle; and as soon as they are in, they are secured as in a trap; and according to circumstances made sailors of, or let go again.

The footway paved with large stones on both sides of the streets, appears to a foreigner exceedingly convenient and pleasant; as one may there walk in perfect safety, in no more danger from the prodigious crowd of carts and coaches, than if one was in one's own room; for no wheel dares come a finger's breadth upon the curb-stone. However, politeness requires you to let a lady, or any one to whom you wish to shew respect, pass,

not, as we do, always to the right, but on the side next the houses or the wall, whether that happens to be on the right, or on the left, being deemed the safest and most convenient. You seldom see a person of any understanding or common sense, walk in the middle of the streets in London, excepting when they cross over; which at Charing-cross and other places, where several streets meet, is sometimes really dangerous.

It has a strange appearance, especially in the Strand where there is a constant succession of shop after shop; and where, not unfrequently, people of different trades inhabit the same house, to see their doors, or the tops of their windows, or boards expressly for the purpose, all written over from top to bottom, with large painted letters. Every person, of every trade or occupation, who owns ever so small a portion of an house, makes a parade with a sign at his door; and there is hardly a cobler, whose name and profession may not be read in large golden characters, by every one that passes. It is here not at all uncommon to see on doors in one continued succession, "*children educated here*;" "*shoes mended here*;" "*foreign spirituous liquors sold here*;" and "*Funerals furnished here.*" Of all these inscriptions, I am sorry to observe, that "*Dealer in foreign spirituous liquors*" is by far the most frequent. And indeed it is allowed by the English themselves, that the propensity of the common people to the drinking

of brandy or gin, is carried to a great excess: and I own it struck me as a peculiar phraseology, when, to tell you, that a person is intoxicated or drunk, you hear them say, as they generally do, that *he is in liquor*. In the late riots (*n.*), which even yet, are hardly quite subsided, and which are still the general topic of conversation, more people have been found dead near empty brandy-casks in the streets, than were killed by the musket balls of regiments, that were called in. As much as I have seen of London, within these two days, there are on the whole I think not very many very fine streets and very fine houses, but I met every where a far greater number, and handsomer people, than one commonly meets in Berlin. It gives me much real pleasure, when I walk from Charing-cross up the Strand, past St. Paul's to the Royal Exchange, to meet, in the thickest crowds, persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks, almost all well-looking people and cleanly and neatly dressed. I rarely see even a fellow with a wheelbarrow, who has not a shirt on; and that too such an one, as shews it has been washed; nor even a beggar, without both a shirt, and shoes and stockings. The English are certainly distinguished for cleanliness.

It has a very uncommon appearance in this tumult of people, where every one, with hasty and eager step, seems to be pursuing either his business or his pleasure; and every where making his way

through the crowd, to observe, as you often may, people pushing, one against another, only perhaps to see a funeral pass. The English coffins are made, very œconomically, according to the exact form of the body; they are flat, and broad at top; tapering gradually from the middle, and drawing to a point at the feet, not very unlike the case of a violin.

A few dirty looking men, who bear the coffin, endeavour to make their way through the crowd, as well as they can; and some mourners follow. The people seem to pay as little attention to such a procession, as if a hay cart were driving past. The funerals of people of distinction and of the great, are however differently regarded.

These funerals always appear to me the more indecent in a populous city, from the total indifference of the beholders, and the perfect unconcern with which they are beheld.

The body of a fellow-creature is carried to his long home, as though it had been utterly unconnected with the rest of mankind. And yet, in a small town or village, every one knows every one: and no one can be so insignificant, as not to be missed, when he is taken away.

That same influenza, which I left at Berlin, I have had the hard fortune again to find here; and many people die of it. It is as yet very cold for the time of the year, and I am obliged every day to have a fire. I must own, that the heat or

warmth given by sea-coal, burnt in the chimney, appears to me softer, and milder, than that given by our stoves. The sight of the fire has also a chearful and pleasing effect. Only you must take care, not to look at it steadily, and for a continuance, for this is probably the reason that there are so many young old-men in England, who walk and ride in the public streets, with their spectacles on; thus anticipating, in the bloom of youth, those conveniences and comforts, which were intended for old age.

I now constantly dine in my own lodgings; and I cannot but flatter myself, that my meals are regulated with frugality. My usual dish at supper is some pickled salmon, which you eat in the liquor in which it is pickled, along with some oil and vinegar; and he must be prejudiced, or fastidious, who does not relish it as singularly well tasted and grateful food.

I would always advise those who wish to drink coffee in England, to mention before hand how many cups are to be made with half an ounce; or else the people will probably bring them a prodigious quantity of brown water; which (notwithstanding all my admonitions) I have not yet been able wholly to avoid. The fine wheaten bread which I find here, besides excellent butter and cheshire-cheese, makes up for my scanty dinners. For an English dinner, to such lodgers as I am, generally consists of a piece of half-boiled, or half-

roasted meat; and a few cabbage leaves boiled in plain water; on which they pour a sauce made of flour and butter. This, I assure you, is the usual method of dressing vegetables in England.

The slices of bread and butter, which they give you with your tea, are as thin as poppy leaves. But there is another kind of bread and butter usually eaten with tea, which is toasted by the fire, and is incomparably good. You take one slice after the other and hold it to the fire on a fork till the butter is melted, so that it penetrates a number of slices all at once: this is called *Toast*.

The custom of sleeping without a feather-bed for a covering, particularly pleased me. You here lie between two sheets, underneath the bottom sheet is a fine blanket, which, without oppressing you, keeps you sufficiently warm. My shoes are not cleaned in the house, but by a person in the neighbourhood, whose trade it is; who fetches them every morning, and brings them back cleaned; for which she receives weekly so much. When the maid is displeased with me, I hear her sometimes at the door call me the *German*; otherwise in the family I go by the name of *the Gentleman.*

I have almost entirely laid aside riding in a coach, although it does not cost near so much as it does at Berlin; as I can go and return any distance not exceeding an English mile, for a shilling; for which I should there at least pay

a florin. But, moderate as English fares are, still you save a great deal, if you walk or go on foot; and know only how to ask your way. From my lodging to the Royal Exchange, is about as far as from one end of Berlin to the other; and from the Tower and St. Catherine's, where the ships arrive in the Thames, as far again; and I have already walked this distance twice, when I went to look after my trunk, before I got it out of the ship. As it was quite dark, when I came back the first evening, I was astonished at the admirable manner in which the streets are lighted up; compared to which our streets in Berlin make a most miserable shew. The lamps are lighted, whilst it is still day-light; and are so near each other, that even on the most ordinary and common nights, the city has the appearance of a festive illumination; for which some German prince, who came to London for the first time, once, they say, actually took it, and seriously believed it to have been particularly ordered, on account of his arrival.

The 9th June, 1782.

I preached this day at the German church, on Ludgate-hill, for the Rev. Mr. Wendeborn (*n.*). He is the Author of "Der statischen Beytrage zur nahern Kentniss gross Brittaniens." This valuable book has already been of uncommon service to me; and I cannot but recommend it to every one,

who goes to England. It is the more useful, as you can with ease carry it in your pocket; and you find in it information on every subject. It is natural to suppose, that Mr. Wendeborn, who has now been a length of time in England, must have been able more frequently, and with greater exactness to make his observations, than those who only pass through, or make a very short stay. It is almost impossible for any one, who has this book always at hand, to omit any thing worthy of notice in or about London; or not to learn all that is most material to know, of the state and situation of the kingdom in general.

Mr. Wendeborn lives in New Inn, near Temple-bar, in a philosophical, but not unimproving retirement. He is almost become a native; and his library consists chiefly of English books. Before I proceed, I must just mention, that he has not hired, but bought his apartments, in this great building, called New Inn: and this, I believe, is pretty generally the case with the lodgings, in this place. A purchaser of any of these rooms, is considered as a proprietor; and one who has got a house and home, and has a right in parliamentary, or other, elections, to give his vote, if he is not a foreigner, which is the case with Mr. Wendeborn; who, nevertheless, was visited by Mr. Fox, when he was to be chosen member for Westminster.

I saw, for the first time, at Mr. Wendeborn's,

a very useful machine, which is little known in Germany, or at least not much used.

This is a press in which, by means of very strong iron springs, a written paper may be printed on another blank paper, and you thus save yourself the trouble of copying; and at the same time multiply your own hand writing. Mr. Wendeborn makes use of this machine, every time he sends manuscripts abroad, of which he wishes to keep a copy. This machine was of mahogany; and cost pretty high. I suppose it is because the inhabitants of London rise so late, that divine service begins only at half past ten o'clock. I missed Mr. Wendeborn this morning, and was therefore obliged to enquire of the door-keeper at St. Paul's, for a direction to the German church, where I was to preach. He did not know it. I then asked at another Church, not far from thence. Here I was directed right; and after I had passed through an iron-gate to the end of a long passage, I arrived just in time, at the church, where, after the sermon, I was obliged to read a public thanksgiving for the safe arrival of our ship. The German clergy here, dress exactly the same as the English clergy, *i. e.* in long robes with wide sleeves, in which I likewise was obliged to wrap myself. Mr. Wendeborn wears his own hair, which curls naturally, and the toupee is combed up.

The other German clergymen, whom I have seen, wear wigs, as well as many of the English.

I yesterday waited on our ambassador, Count Lucy; and was agreeably surprized at the simplicity of his manner of living. He lives in a small private house. His secretary lives up stairs, where also I met with the Prussian Consul, who happened just then to be paying him a visit. Below, on the right hand, I was immediately shewn into his excellency's room, without being obliged to pass through an anti-chamber. He wore a blue-coat with a red collar and red facings. He conversed with me, as we drank a dish of coffee, on various learned topics; and when I told him of the great dispute now going on about the tacismus or stacismus (*n.*), he declared himself, as a born Greek, for the *stacismus.* When I came to take my leave, he desired me to come and see him without ceremony, whenever it suited me, as he should be always happy to see me.

Mr. Leonhard (*n.*), who has translated several celebrated English plays, such as *The School for Scandal,* and some others, lives here as a private person, instructing Germans in English, and Englishmen in German, with great ability. He also it is, who writes the articles concerning England, for the new Hambro' newspaper; for which he is paid a stated yearly stipend. I may add also, that he is the master of a German free-mason's lodge in London, and representative of all the German lodges in England; an employment of far more trouble, than profit, to him: for

all the world applies to him in all cases and emergencies. I also was recommended to him from Hambro'. He is a very complaisant man; and has already shewn me many civilities. He repeats English poetry with great propriety; and speaks the language nearly with the same facility as he does his mother tongue. He is married to an amiable Englishwoman. I wish him all possible happiness. And now let me tell you something of the so often imitated, but perhaps inimitable

Vauxhall.

I yesterday visited Vauxhall for the first time. I had not far to go from my lodgings, in the Adelphi-buildings, to Westminster-Bridge, where you always find a great number of boats on the Thames, which are ready on the least signal to serve those who will pay them a shilling or sixpence, according to the distance.

From hence I went up the Thames to Vauxhall, and as I passed along, I saw Lambeth; and the venerable old palace belonging to the archbishops of Canterbury, lying on my left.

Vauxhall is, properly speaking, the name of a little village in which the garden, now almost exclusively bearing the same name, is situated. You pay a shilling on entrance.

On entering it, I really found, or fancied I found, some resemblance to our Berlin Vauxhall;

if, according to Virgil, I may be permitted to compare small things with great ones. The walks at least, with the paintings at the end, and the high trees, which, here and there, form a beautiful grove, or wood, on either side, were so similar to those of Berlin, that often, as I walked along them, I seemed to transport myself, in imagination, once more to Berlin, and forgot for a moment, that immense seas and mountains, and kingdoms now lie between us. I was the more tempted to indulge in this reverie, as I actually met with several gentlemen, inhabitants of Berlin; in particular Mr. S***r (*n.*), and some others, with whom I spent the evening in the most agreeable manner. Here and there (particularly in one of the charming woods which art has formed in this garden) you are pleasingly surprized by the sudden appearance of the statues of the most renowned English poets and philosophers; such as Milton, Thomson, and others. But, what gave me most pleasure, was the statue of the German composer, Handel, which, on entering the garden, is not far distant from the orchestra.

This orchestra is among a number of trees situated as in a little wood, and is an exceedingly handsome one. As you enter the garden, you immediately hear the sound of vocal and instrumental music. There are several female singers constantly hired here to sing in public.

On each side of the orchestra are small boxes,

with tables and benches, in which you sup. The walks before these, as well as in every other part of the garden, are crowded with people of all ranks. I supped here with Mr. S***r, and the secretary of the Prussian ambassador; besides a few other gentlemen from Berlin; but what most astonished me, was the boldness of the women of the town; who, along with their pimps, often rushed in upon us by half dozens; and in the most shameless manner importuned us for wine, for themselves and their followers. Our gentlemen thought it either unwise, unkind, or unsafe, to refuse them so small a boon altogether.

An Englishman passed our box with hasty steps, and on our acquaintance's asking him, where he was going in such a hurry, he answered with an air of ridiculous importance, which set us all a laughing, "I have lost my girl!" He seemed to make his search, just as if he had been looking for a glove or a stick, which he had accidently dropt, or forgotten somewhere.

Lateish in the evening, we were entertained with a sight, that is indeed singularly curious and interesting. In a particular part of the garden, a curtain was drawn up, and by means of some mechanism, of extraordinary ingenuity, the eye and the ear are so completely deceived, that it is not easy to persuade one's-self it is a deception; and that one does not actually see and hear a natural waterfall from an high rock. As every

one was flocking to this scene in crowds, there arose all at once, a loud cry of, "Take care of your pockets." This informed us, but too clearly, that there were some pick-pockets among the crowd; who had already made some fortunate strokes.

The rotunda, a magnificent circular building, in the garden, particularly engaged my attention. By means of beautiful chandeliers, and large mirrors, it was illuminated in the most superb manner; and every where decorated with delightful paintings, and statues, in the contemplation of which you may spend several hours very agreeably, when you are tired of the crowd and the bustle, in the walks of the garden.

Among the paintings one represents the surrender of a besieged city. If you look at this painting with attention, for any length of time, it affects you so much, that you even shed tears. The expression of the greatest distress, even bordering on despair, on the part of the besieged, the fearful expectation of the uncertain issue, and what the victor will determine concerning those unfortunate people, may all be read so plainly, and so naturally in the countenances of the inhabitants who are imploring for mercy, from the hoary head to the suckling whom his mother holds up, that you quite forget yourself, and in the end scarcely believe it to be a painting before you.

You also here find the busts of the best English

authors, placed all round on the sides. Thus a Briton again meets with his Shakespear, Locke, Milton, and Dryden, in the public places of his amusements; and there also reveres their memory. Even the common people thus become familiar with the names of those who have done honour to their nation; and are taught to mention them with veneration. For this rotunda is also an orchestra, in which the music is performed, in rainy weather. But enough of Vauxhall!

Certain it is, that the English classical authors are read more generally, beyond all comparison than the German; which in general are read only by the learned; or, at most, by the middle class of people. The English national authors are in all hands, and read by all people, of which the innumerable editions they have gone through, are a sufficient proof.

My landlady, who is only a taylor's widow, reads her Milton; and tells me, that her late husband first fell in love with her, on this very account; because she read Milton with such proper emphasis. This single instance perhaps would prove but little; but I have conversed with several people of the lower class, who all knew their national authors, and who all have read many, if not all of them. This elevates the lower ranks, and brings them nearer to the higher. There is hardly any argument, or dispute in conversation, in the higher ranks, about which the

lower cannot also converse or give their opinion. Now in Germany, since Gellest (*n.*), there has as yet been no poet's name familiar to the people. But the quick sale of the classical authors, is here promoted also, by cheap and convenient editions. They have them all bound in pocket volumes; as well as in a more pompous stile. I myself bought Milton in duodecimo for two shillings, neatly bound; it is such an one as I can, with great convenience, carry in my pocket. It also appears to me to be a good fashion, which prevails here, and here only, that the books which are most read, are always to be had, already well and neatly bound. At stalls, and in the streets, you every now and then meet with a sort of antiquarians, who sell single or odd volumes; sometimes perhaps of Shakespear, &c. so low as a penny; nay even sometimes for an halfpenny a piece. Of one of these itinerant antiquarians I bought the two volumes of the Vicar of Wakefield, for sixpence, *i. e.* for the half of an English shilling. In what estimation our German literature is held in England, I was enabled to judge, in some degree, by the printed proposals of a book, which I saw. The title was "The Entertaining Museum, or Complete Circulating Library;" which is to contain a list of all the English classical authors, as well as translations of the best French, Spanish, Italian, and *even German novels.*

The moderate price of this book deserves also

to be noticed; as by such means books in England come more within the reach of the people; and of course are more generally distributed among them. The advertisement mentions, that in order that every one may have it in his power to buy this work and at once to furnish himself with a very valuable library, without perceiving the expence, a number will be sent out weekly, which, stitched, costs sixpence, and bound with the title on the back, nine-pence. The twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth number, contain the first and second volume of the vicar of Wakefield, which I had just bought of the antiquarian above mentioned.

The only translation from the German which has been particularly successful in England, is "Gesner's Death of Abel." (*n.*) The translation of that work has been oftener reprinted in England, than ever the original was in Germany. I have actually seen the eighteenth edition of it: and if the English preface is to be regarded, it was written by a lady. "Klopstock's Messiah," as is well known has been here but ill received: to be sure, they say, it is but indifferently translated. I have not yet been able to obtain a sight of it. The Rev. Mr. Wendeborn has written a grammar for the German language in English, for the use of Englishmen; which has met with much applause. I must not forget to mention that the works of Mr. Jacob Boehmen, are all translated into English.

London, 13th June.

OFTEN as I had heard Ranelagh spoken of, I had yet formed only an imperfect idea of it. I supposed it to be a garden some-what different from that of Vauxhall; but, in fact, I hardly knew what I thought of it. Yesterday evening I took a walk, in order to visit this famous place of amusement; but I missed my way and got to Chelsea; where I met a man with a wheelbarrow, who not only very civilly shewed me the right road, but also conversed with me the whole of the distance, which we walked together. And finding, on enquiry, that I was a subject of the King of Prussia, he desired me, with much eagerness, to relate to him some anecdotes concerning that mighty monarch.

At length I arrived at Ranelagh; and having paid my half-crown, on entrance, I soon enquired for the garden door, and it was readily shewn to me; when, to my infinite astonishment, I found myself in a poor, mean-looking, and ill-lighted garden, where I met but few people. I had not been here long before I was accosted by a young lady, who also was walking there, and who, without ceremony, offered me her arm, asking me why I walked thus solitarily? I now concluded, this could not possibly be the splendid, much-boasted Ranelagh; and so, seeing not far from me a number of people entering a door, I followed

them, in hopes either to get out again, or to vary the scene.

But it is impossible to describe, or indeed to conceive, the effect it had on me, when, coming out of the gloom of the garden, I suddenly entered a round building, illuminated by many hundred lamps; the splendor and beauty of which surpassed every thing of the kind I had ever seen before. Every thing seemed here, to be round: above, there was a gallery, divided into boxes; and in one part of it an organ with a beautiful choir, from which issued both instrumental and vocal music. All around, under this gallery, are handsome painted boxes for those who wish to take refreshments: the floor was covered with mats; in the middle of which are four high black pillars; within which there are neat fire places for preparing tea, coffee, and punch: and all around also there are placed tables, set out with all kinds of refreshments. Within these four pillars, in a kind of magic rotundo, all the beau-monde of London move perpetually round and round.

I at first mixed with this immense concourse of people, of all sexes, ages, countries, and characters: and I must confess, that the incessant change of faces, the far greater number of which were strikingly beautiful, together with the illumination, the extent and majestic splendor of the place, with the continued sound of the music, makes an inconceivably delightful impression on the imagina-

tion; and I take the liberty to add, that, on seeing it now for the first time, I felt pretty nearly the same sensations, that I remember to have felt, when, in early youth, I first read the Fairy Tales.

Being however at length tired of the crowd, and being tired also, with always moving round and round in a circle, I sat myself down in one of the boxes, in order to take some refreshment, and was now contemplating at my ease, this prodigious collection and crowd of an happy, chearful world, who were here enjoying themselves devoid of care, when a waiter very civilly asked me what refreshment I wished to have, and in a few moments returned with what I asked for. To my astonishment, he would accept no money for these refreshments; which I could not comprehend, till he told me that every thing was included in the half-crown I had paid at the door; and that I had only to command, if I wished for any thing more; but that, if I pleased, I might give him as a present a trifling douceur. This I gave him with pleasure, as I could not help fancying, I was hardly entitled to so much civility and good attendance for one single half-crown.

I now went up into the gallery, and seated myself in one of the boxes there: and from thence becoming, all at once, a grave and moralizing spectator, I looked down on the concourse of people, who were still moving round and round in the fairy circle; and then I could easily distinguish

several stars, and other orders, of knighthood; French queues and bags contrasted with plain English heads of hair, or professional wigs; old age and youth, nobility and commonalty, all passing each other in the motley swarm. An Englishman who joined me, during this my reverie, pointed out to me on my enquiring, princes, and lords with their dazzling stars; with which they eclipsed the less brilliant part of the company.

Here some moved round in an eternal circle to see and be seen; there a groupe of eager connoisseurs had placed themselves before the orchestra and were feasting their ears, while others, at the well supplied tables, were regaling the parched roofs of their mouths, in a more substantial manner, and again others like myself were sitting alone, in the corner of a box in the gallery, making their remarks and reflexions on so interesting a scene.

I now and then indulged myself in the pleasure of exchanging, for some minutes, all this magnificence and splendor, for the gloom of the garden, in order to renew the pleasing surprize I experienced on my first entering the building. Thus I spent here some hours in the night, in a continual variation of entertainment; when the crowd now all at once began to lessen, and I also took a coach and drove home.

At Ranelagh, the company appeared to me much better, and more select than at Vauxhall; for those

of the lower class, who go there, always dress themselves in their best; and thus endeavour to copy the great. Here I saw no one who had not silk stockings on. Even the poorest families are at the expence of a coach, to go to Ranelagh, as my landlady assured me. She always fixed on some one day in the year, on which, without fail, she drove to Ranelagh. On the whole the expence at Ranelagh is nothing near so great as it is at Vauxhall, if you consider the refreshments; for any one who sups at Vauxhall, which most people do, is likely for a very moderate supper, to pay at least half-a-guinea.

The Parliament.

I had almost forgotten to tell you, that I have already been to the Parliament House: and yet this is of most importance. For, had I seen nothing else in England, but this, I should have thought my journey thither amply rewarded.

As little as I have hitherto troubled myself with politics, because indeed with us, it is but little worth our while, I was however desirous to be present at a meeting of parliament; a wish that was soon amply gratified.

One afternoon about three o'clock, at which hour, or thereabouts, the house most commonly meets, I enquired for Westminster-Hall, and was very politely directed by an Englishman. These directions are always given with the utmost

kindness. You may ask whom you please if you can only make yourself tolerably well understood; and by thus asking, every now and then, you may with the greatest ease find your way throughout all London.

Westminster-Hall is an enormous gothic building, whose vaulted roof is supported not by pillars, but instead of these there are on each side, large unnatural heads of angels, carved in wood, which seem to support the roof.

When you have passed through this long hall, you ascend a few steps at the end, and are led through a dark passage into the House of Commons; which, below, has a large double door; and above, there is a small stair-case, by which you go to the gallery, the place allotted for strangers.

The first time I went up this small stair-case and had reached the rails, I saw a very genteel man in black, standing there. I accosted him, without any introduction, and I asked him whether I might be allowed to go into the gallery. He told me, that I must be introduced by a member, or else I could not get admission there. Now as I had not the honour to be acquainted with a member, I was under the mortifying necessity of retreating, and again going down stairs; as I did, much chagrined. And now, as I was sullenly marching back, I heard something said about a bottle of wine, which seemed to be addressed to

me. I could not conceive what it could mean, till I got home, when my obliging landlady told me, I should have given the well-dressed man, half-a-crown, or a couple of shillings, for a bottle of wine. Happy in this information, I went again the next day; when the same man, who before had sent me away, after I had given him only two shillings, very politely opened the door for me, and himself recommended me to a good seat in the gallery.

And thus I now, for the first time, saw the whole of the British nation assembled in its representatives, in rather a mean-looking building, that not a little resembles a chapel. The Speaker, an elderly man, with an enormous wig, with two knotted kind of tresses, or curls, behind, in a black cloak, his hat on his head, sat opposite to me on a lofty chair; which was not unlike a small pulpit, save only that in the front of this there was no reading desk. Before the Speaker's chair stands a table, which looks like an altar; and at this there sit two men, called clerks, dressed in black, with black cloaks. On the table, by the side of the great parchment acts, lies an huge gilt sceptre, which is always taken away and placed in a conservatory under the table, as soon as ever the Speaker quits the chair; which he does as often as the house resolves itself into a committee. A committee means nothing more than that the house puts itself into a situation freely to discuss

and debate any point of difficulty and moment, and, while it lasts, the Speaker partly lays aside his power as a legislator. As soon as this is over, some one tells the Speaker, that he may now again be seated! and immediately on the Speaker's being again in the chair the sceptre is also replaced on the table before him.

All round on the sides of the house under the gallery, are benches for the members, covered with green cloth, always one above the other, like our choirs in churches; in order that he who is speaking, may see over those who sit before him. The seats in the gallery are on the same plan. The Members of Parliament keep their hats on, but the spectators in the gallery are uncovered.

The Members of the House of Commons have nothing particular in their dress; they even come into the house in their great coats, and with boots and spurs. It is not at all uncommon to see a member lying stretched out on one of the benches, while others are debating. Some crack nuts, others eat oranges, or whatever else is in season. There is no end to their going in and out; and as often as any one wishes to go out, he places himself before the Speaker, and makes him his bow, as if, like a school-boy, he asked his tutor's permission.

Those who speak, seem to deliver themselves with but little, perhaps not always with even a decorous, gravity. All that is necessary, is to

stand up in your place, take off your hat, turn to the Speaker, (to whom all the speeches are addressed;) to hold your hat and stick in one hand, and with the other hand to make any such motions as you fancy necessary to accompany your speech.

If it happens, that a member rises, who is but a bad speaker; or if what he says is generally deemed not sufficiently interesting, so much noise is made, and such bursts of laughter are raised, that the member who is speaking can scarcely distinguish his own words. This must needs be a distressing situation; and it seems then to be particularly laughable, when the Speaker in his chair, like a tutor in a school, again and again endeavours to restore order, which he does by calling out *to order, to order*; apparently often without much attention being paid to it.

On the contrary, when a favourite member, and one who speaks well and to the purpose, rises, the most perfect silence reigns: and his friends and admirers, one after another, make their approbation known by calling out, *hear him*; which is often repeated by the whole house at once; and in this way so much noise is often made that the speaker (*n.*) is frequently interrupted by this same emphatic *hear him.* Notwithstanding which, this calling out is always regarded as a great encouragement; and I have often observed, that one who began with some diffidence, and even somewhat

inauspiciously, has in the end been so animated, that he has spoken with a torrent of eloquence.

As all speeches are directed to the Speaker, all the members always preface their speeches with, *sir*; and he, on being thus addressed, generally moves his hat a little, but immediately puts it on again. This *sir* is often introduced in the course of their speeches, and serves to connect what is said: it seems also to stand the speaker in some stead, when any one's memory fails him, or he is otherwise at a loss for matter. For while he is saying, *sir*, and has thus obtained a little pause, he recollects what is to follow. Yet I have sometimes seen some members draw a kind of memorandum out of their pockets, like a candidate who is at a loss in his sermon: this is the only instance in which a member of the British parliament seems to read his speeches.

The first day that I was at the House of Commons, an English gentleman, who sat next to me in the gallery, very obligingly pointed out to me the principal members, such as *Fox, Burke, Rigby*, &c. all of whom I heard speak. The debate happened to be whether, besides being made a peer, any other specific reward should be bestowed by the nation on their gallant admiral Rodney. In the course of the debate, I remember, Mr. Fox was very sharply reprimanded by young Lord Fielding, for having, when minister, opposed the election of Admiral Hood, as a member for Westminster.

Fox was sitting to the right of the Speaker, not far from the table on which the gilt sceptre lay. He now took his place so near it that he could reach it with his hand, and, thus placed, he gave it many a violent and hearty thump, either to aid, or to shew, the energy with which he spoke. If the charge was vehement, his defence was no less so: he justified himself against Lord Fielding, by maintaining, that he had not opposed this election in the character of a minister, but as an individual, or private person: and that, as such, he had freely and honestly given his vote for another; namely for Sir Cecil Wray; adding, that the King when he appointed him secretary of state, had entered into no agreement with him, by which he lost his vote as an individual: to such a requisition he never would have submitted. It is impossible for me to describe, with what fire, and persuasive eloquence he spoke, and how the Speaker in the chair incessantly nodded approbation from beneath his solemn wig; and innumerable voices incessantly called out, *hear him! hear him!* and when there was the least sign that he intended to leave off speaking, they no less vociferously exclaimed, *go on*; and so he continued to speak in this manner for nearly two hours. Mr. Rigby in reply, made a short but humourous speech, in which he mentioned of how little consequence the title of *lord* and *lady* was without money to support it, and finished with the latin proverb, "infelix paupertas,—quia ridiculos

miseros facit." After having first very judiciously observed, that previous enquiry should be made, whether Admiral Rodney had made any rich prizes or captures; because, if that should be the case, he would not stand in need of further reward in money. I have since been almost every day at the parliament house, and prefer the entertainment I there meet with, to most other amusements.

Fox is still much beloved by the people, notwithstanding that they are, (and certainly with good reason) displeased at his being the cause of Admiral Rodney's recall; though even I have heard him again and again, almost extravagant in his encomiums on this noble admiral. This same celebrated Charles Fox is a short, fat, and gross man, with a swarthy complexion, and dark; and in general he is badly dressed. There certainly is something Jewish in his looks. But upon the whole, he is not an ill made nor an ill looking man: and there are many strong marks of sagacity and fire in his eyes. I have frequently heard the people here say, that this same Mr. Fox is as cunning as a Fox. Burke is a well-made, tall, upright man, but looks elderly and broken. Rigby is excessively corpulent, and has a jolly rubicund face.

The little less than downright open abuse, and the many really rude things, which the members said to each other, struck me much. For example,

when one has finished, another rises, and immediately taxes with absurdity all that *the right honourable gentleman*, (for with this title the members of the House of Commons always honour each other) had just advanced. It would indeed be contrary to the rules of the house, flatly to tell each other, that what they have spoken, is *false*, or even *foolish*: instead of this, they turn themselves, as usual, to the Speaker, and so, whilst their address is directed to him, they fancy they violate neither the rules of parliament, nor those of good breeding and decorum, whilst they utter the most cutting personal sarcasms against the member, or the measure they oppose.

It is quite laughable to see, as one sometimes does, one member speaking, and another accompanying the speech with his action. This I remarked more than once in a worthy old citizen, who was fearful of speaking himself, but when his neighbour spoke, he accompanied every energetic sentence with a suitable gesticulation, by which means, his whole body was sometimes in motion.

It often happens that the jett, or principal point, in the debate, is lost in these personal contests, and bickerings between each other. When they last so long as to become quite tedious and tiresome, and likely to do harm rather than good, the house takes upon itself to express its disapprobation; and then there arises a general cry, of *the question! the question!* This must sometimes

be frequently repeated, as the contending members are both anxious to have the last word. At length however the question is put, and the votes taken; when the Speaker says: "those who are for the question, are to say *aye*, and those who are against it, *no!*" You then hear a confused cry of *aye* and *no:* but, at length, the Speaker says: "I think there are more *ayes* than *noes*; or more *noes* than *ayes*. The *ayes* have it; or the *noes* have it;" as the case may be. But all the spectators must then retire from the gallery: for then, and not till then, the voting really commences. And now the members call aloud to the gallery, *withdraw! withdraw!* On this the strangers withdraw; and are shut up in a small room, at the foot of the stairs, till the voting is over, when they are again permitted to take their places in the gallery. Here I could not help wondering at the impatience even of polished Englishmen; it is astonishing with what violence, and even rudeness, they push and jostle one another, as soon as the room door is again opened; eager to gain the first and best seats in the gallery. In this manner we, the strangers, have sometimes been sent away two or three times, in the course of one day, or rather evening; afterwards again permitted to return. Among these spectators are people of all ranks; and even, not unfrequently, ladies. Two short-hand writers have sat sometimes not far distant from me, who, (though it is rather by stealth)

endeavour to take down, the words of the speaker; and thus all that is very remarkable in what is said in parliament, may generally be read *in print*, the next day. The short-hand writers, whom I noticed, are supposed to be employed and paid by the editors of the different newspapers. There are it seems some few persons who are constant attendants on the parliament; and so they pay the door-keeper beforehand a guinea for a whole session. I have now and then seen some of the members bring their sons, whilst quite little boys, and carry them to their seats along with themselves.

A proposal was once made to erect a gallery in the house of peers also, for the accommodation of spectators. But this never was carried into effect. There appears to be much more politeness and more courteous behaviour in the members of the upper house. But he who wishes to observe mankind, and to contemplate the leading traits of the different characters, most strongly marked, will do well to attend frequently the lower, rather than the other, house.

Last Tuesday was (what is here called) *hanging day*. There was also a parliamentary election: I *could* only see *one* of the two sights; and therefore naturally preferred the latter, while I only heard tolling at a distance the death-bell of the sacrifice to justice. I now therefore am going to describe to you, as well as I can, an

Election for a Member of Parliament.

The cities of London and Westminster send, the one four, and the other two members to parliament. Mr. Fox is one of the two members for Westminster; one seat was vacant; and that vacancy was now to be filled. And the same Sir Cecil Wray, whom Fox had before opposed to Lord Hood, was now publicly chosen. They tell me, that at these elections when there is a strong opposition-party, there is often bloody work; but this election was, in the electioneering phrase, an *hollow thing*, i. e. quite sure; as those who had voted for Admiral Hood now withdrew, without standing a poll; as being convinced beforehand, their chance to succeed was desperate.

The election was held in Covent-Garden, a large market-place, in the open air. There was a scaffold erected just before the door of a very handsome church, which also is called *St. Paul's*; but which however is not to be compared to the cathedral.

A temporary edifice, formed only of boards and wood nailed together, was erected on the occasion. It was called *the hustings*: and filled with benches; and at one end of it, where the benches ended, mats were laid; on which those, who spoke to the people, stood. In the area before the hustings, immense multitudes of people were assembled; of whom the greatest part seemed to be of the lowest

order. To this tumultuous crowd, however, the speakers often bowed very low, and always addressed them by the title of *gentlemen*. Sir Cecil Wray was obliged to step forward and promise these same *gentlemen*, with hand and heart, that he would faithfully fulfil his duties, as their representative. He also made an apology, because, on account of his journey and ill-health, he had not been able to wait on them, as became him, at their respective houses. The moment that he began to speak even this rude rabble became all as quiet as the raging sea after a storm; only every now and then rending the air with the parliamentary cry of *hear him! hear him!* and as soon as he had done speaking, they again vociferated a loud and universal huzza, every one at the same time waving his hat.

And now, being formally declared to have been legally chosen, he again bowed most profoundly, and returned thanks for the great honour done him: when a well-dressed man, whose name I could not learn, stepped forward, and in a well indited speech congratulated both the chosen and the chusers. "Upon my word," said a gruff carter, who stood near me, "that man speaks well."

Even little boys clambered up and hung on the rails and on the lamp-posts; and as if the speeches had also been addressed to them, they too listened with the utmost attention: and they too testified

their approbation of it, by joining lustily in the three cheers, and waving their hats.

All the enthusiasm of my earliest years, kindled by the patriotism of the illustrious heroes of Rome, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, and Antony, were now revived in my mind: and though all I had just seen and heard, be, in fact, but the semblance of liberty, and that too tribunitial liberty, yet at that moment, I thought it charming, and it warmed my heart. Yes, depend on it, my friend, when you here see how in this happy country, the lowest and meanest member of society, thus unequivocally testifies the interest which he takes in every thing of a public nature; when you see, how even women and children bear a part in the great concerns of their country; in short, how high and low, rich and poor, all concur in declaring their feelings and their convictions, that a carter, a common tar, or a scavenger, is still a man, nay, an Englishman; and as such has his rights and privileges defined and known as exactly and as well as his king, or as his king's minister—take my word for it, you will feel yourself very differently affected from what you are, when staring at our soldiers in their exercises at Berlin.

When Fox, who was among the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he too was received with an universal shout of joy. At length when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and every one

called out *Fox! Fox!* I know not why; but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time; and so I also bawled, *Fox, Fox!* and he was obliged to come forward and speak: for no other reason that I could find, but that the people wished to hear him speak. In this speech, he again confirmed, in the presence of the people, his former declaration in parliament, that he by no means had any influence as minister of state in this election, but only and merely as a private person.

When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob were exhibited in perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches, and chairs, and every thing else, was completely destroyed; and the mat with which it had been covered torn into ten thousand long strips or pieces, or strings; with which they *encircled* or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks. These they hurried along with them and every thing else that came in their way, as trophies of joy: and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London.

Whilst in Prussia, poets only speak of the love of country, as one of the dearest of all human affections, here, there is no man who does not feel, and describe with rapture how much he loves his country. "Yes, for my country I'll shed the

"last drop of my blood!" often exclaims little Jacky, the fine boy here in the house where I live, who is yet only about twelve years old. The love of their country and its unparalleled feats in war, are, in general, the subject of their ballads and popular songs, which are sung about the streets by women, who sell them for a few farthings. It was only the other day our *Jacky* brought one home, in which the history of an admiral was celebrated, who bravely continued to command, even after his two legs were shot off, and he was obliged to be supported. I know not well by what means it has happened, that the king of England, who is certainly one of the best the nation ever had, is become unpopular. I know not how many times I have heard people of all sorts object to their king, at the same time that they praised the king of Prussia to the skies. Indeed, with some, the veneration for our monarch went so far, that they seriously wished he was their king. All that seems to shock and dishearten them is the prodigious armies he keeps up; and the immense number of soldiers quartered in Berlin alone. Whereas in London, at least in the city, not a single troop of soldiers of the king's guard, dare make their appearance.

A few days ago, I saw (what is here deemed a great sight) viz. a lord-mayor's procession. The lord-mayor was in an enormous large gilt coach, which was followed by an astonishing number of

most shewy carriages, in which the rest of the city-magistrates, more properly called aldermen of London, were seated. But enough for the present.

London, June 17th, 1782.

I HAVE now been pretty nearly all over London, and, according to my own notions, have now seen most of the things I was most anxious to see. Hereafter then, I propose to make an excursion into the country; and this purpose, by the blessing of God, I hope to be able to carry into effect in a very few days, for, my curiosity is here almost satiated, I seem to be tired and sick of the smoke of these sea-coal fires, and I long, with almost childish impatience, once more, to breathe a fresher and clearer air.

It must, I think, be owned, that upon the whole, London is neither so handsomely nor so well built as Berlin is, but then it certainly has far more fine squares. Of these there are many that in real magnificence, and beautiful symmetry, far surpass our *Gens d'Armes Markt*, our *Denhoschen*, and *Williams Place* (*n.*). These squares, or quadrangular places, contain the best and most beautiful buildings of London: a spacious street, next to the houses, goes all round them, and within that there is generally a round grass-plot, railed in with iron rails, in the centre of which,

in many of them, there is a statue, which statues most commonly are equestrian and gilt. In Grosvenor-square, instead of this green plot, or area, there is a little circular wood, intended, no doubt, to give one the idea of *rus in urbe*.

One of the longest and pleasantest walks I have yet taken is from Paddington to Islington; where to the left you have a fine prospect of the neighbouring hills, and in particular of the village of Hampstead, which is built on one of them; and to the right the streets of London furnish an endless variety of interesting views. It is true, that it is dangerous to walk here alone, especially in the afternoon, and in an evening, or at night; for it was only last week that a man was robbed and murdered on this very same road. But I now hasten to another and a more pleasing topic:

The British Museum.

I have had the happiness to become acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Woide (*n.*); who, though well known, all over Europe, to be one of the most learned men of the age, is yet, if possible, less estimable for his learning, than he is for his unaffected goodness of heart. He holds a respectable office in the Museum, and was obliging enough to procure me permission to see it, luckily the day before it was shut up. In general you must give in your name a fortnight before you can be ad-

mitted. But, after all, I am sorry to say, it was the rooms, the glass cases, the shelves, or the repository for the books in the British Museum which I saw, and not the Museum itself, we were hurried on so rapidly through the apartments. The company, who saw it when and as I did, was various, and some of all sorts; some, I believe, of the very lowest classes of the people, of both sexes; for, as it is the property of the nation, every one has the same right (I use the term of the country) to see it, that another has. I had Mr. Wendeborn's book (*n.*) in my pocket, and it, at least, enabled me to take a somewhat more particular notice of some of the principal things; such as the Egyptian mummy, an head of Homer, &c. The rest of the company observing that I had some assistance, which they had not, soon gathered round me; I pointed out to them, as we went along, from Mr. Wendeborn's German book, what there was most worth seeing here. The gentleman, who conducted us, took little pains to conceal the contempt which he felt for my communications, when he found out that it was only a German description of the British Museum I had got. The rapidly passing through this vast suite of rooms, in a space of time, little, if at all, exceeding an hour; with leisure just to cast one poor longing look of astonishment on all these stupendous treasures of natural curiosities, antiquities, and literature; in the contemplation of which you could with pleasure

spend years, and a whole life might be employed in the study of them—quite confuses, stuns, and overpowers one. In some branches this collection is said to be far surpassed by some others; but taken all together, and for size, it certainly is equalled by none. The few foreign divines, who travel through England, generally desire to have the Alexandrian manuscript shewn them, in order to be convinced, with their own eyes, whether the passage, "These are the three that bear record, "&c." is to be found there or not.

The Rev. Mr. Woide lives at a place called Lisson-street, not far from Paddington; a very village-looking little town, at the west end of London. It is quite a rural and pleasant situation; for here, I either do, or fancy I do, already breathe a purer and freer air than in the midst of the town. Of his great abilities, and particularly in oriental literature, I need not inform you; but it will give you pleasure to hear that he is actually meditating a fac-simile edition of the Alexandrian M. S. I have already mentioned the infinite obligations I lie under to this excellent man for his extraordinary courtesy and kindness.

The Theatre in the Hay-market.

Last week I went twice to an English play-house. The first time *The Nabob* was represented, of which the late Mr. Foot (*n.*) was the author, and for the entertainment, a very pleasing and laughable

musical farce, called *The Agreeable Surprize* (*n.*); the second time I saw *The English Merchant* (*n.*); which piece has been translated into German, and is known among us by the title of *The Scotch-woman*, or, *The Coffee-house*. I have not yet seen the theatres at Covent-garden and Drury-lane, because they are not open in summer. The best actors also, usually spend May and October in the country, and only perform in winter.

A very few excepted, the comedians whom I saw, were certainly nothing extraordinary. For a seat in the boxes you pay five shillings, in the pit three, in the first gallery two, and in the second, or upper gallery, one shilling. And it is the tenants in this upper gallery who, for their shilling, make all that noise and uproar, for which the English play-houses are so famous. I was in the pit, which gradually rises, amphi-theatre-wise, from the orchestra, and is furnished with benches, one above another from the top to the bottom. Often, and often whilst I sat here, did a rotten orange, or pieces of the peel of an orange, fly past me, or past some of my neighbours, and once one of them actually hit my hat, without my daring to look round, for fear another might then hit me on my face.

All over London, as one walks, one every where, in the season, sees oranges to sell; and they are in general, sold tolerably cheap, one and even sometimes two for a halfpenny; or, in our money, three-pence. At the play-house, however, they

charged me six-pence for one orange, and that no ways remarkably good.

Besides this perpetual pelting from the gallery, which renders an English play-house so uncomfortable, there is no end to their calling out and knocking with their sticks, till the curtain is drawn up. I saw a miller's, or a baker's boy, thus like a huge booby, leaning over the rails and knocking, again and again, on the outside, with all his might, so that he was seen by every body, without being in the least ashamed or abashed. I sometimes heard too the people in the lower or middle gallery quarrelling with those of the upper one. Behind me, in the pit, sat a young fop who, in order to display his costly stone-buckles with the utmost brilliancy, continually put his foot on my bench, and even sometimes upon my coat, which I could avoid only by sparing him as much space, from my portion of the seat, as would make him a foot-stool.

In the boxes, quite in a corner, sat several servants, who were said to be placed there, to keep the seats for the families they served, till they should arrive; they seemed to sit remarkably close and still, the reason of which, I was told, was their apprehension of being pelted; for, if one of them dares but to look out of the box, he is immediately saluted with a shower of orange peel from the gallery.

In Foot's *Nabob* there are sundry local and

personal satires, which are entirely lost to a foreigner. The character of the *Nabob* was performed by a Mr. Palmer. The jett of the character is, this Nabob with many affected airs, and constant aims at gentility, is still but a silly fellow, unexpectedly come into the possession of immense riches, and therefore, of course, paid much court to by a society of natural philosophers, quakers, and I do not know who besides. Being tempted to become one of their members, he is elected; and in order to ridicule these would-be philosophers, but real knaves, a fine flowery fustian speech is put into his mouth, which he delivers with prodigious pomp and importance, and is listened to by the philosophers with infinite complacency. The two scenes of the quakers and philosophers, who with countenances full of imaginary importance were seated at a green table, with their president at their head, while the secretary with the utmost care was making an inventory of the ridiculous presents of the *Nabob*, were truly laughable. One of the last scenes was best received: It is that, in which the Nabob's friend and schoolfellow visit him, and address him without ceremony, by his Christian name; but to all their questions of "Whether he does not "recollect them?" "Whether he does (*n.*) remember "such and such a play? or such and such a scrape, "into which they had fallen in their youth?" he uniformly answers with a look of ineffable con-

tempt, only, "*No Sir!*" Nothing can possibly be more ludicrous, nor more comic.

The entertainment, *The Agreeable Surprize*, is really a very diverting farce. I observed that, in England also, they represent school-masters in ridiculous characters on the stage; which though I am sorry for, I own I do not wonder at, as the pedantry of school-masters in England, they tell me, is carried, at least, as far as it is elsewhere. The same person who, in the play, performed the *school-fellow* of the *Nabob* with a great deal of nature, and original humour, here acted the part of the school-master; his name is *Edwin* (*n.*), and he is, without doubt, one of the best actors of all that I have seen.

This school-master is in love with a certain country girl, whose name is *Cowslip*, to whom he makes a declaration of his passion in a strange mythological, grammatical stile and manner, and to whom, among other fooleries, he sings, quite enraptured, the following air, and seems to work himself at last (*n.*) up to such a transport of passion, as quite over-powers him.—He begins, you will observe, with the conjugation, and ends with the declensions and the genders; the whole is inimitably droll.

"Amo, amas,
"I love a lass,
"She is so sweet and tender,
"It is sweet *Cowslip's* Grace
"In the Nominative Case,
"And in the feminine Gender."

Those two sentences in particular, *in the Nominative Case*, and in the *Feminine Gender*, he affects to sing in a particularly languishing air, as if confident that it was irresistible. This Edwin, in all his comic characters, still preserves something so inexpressibly good tempered in his countenance, that notwithstanding all his burlesques, and even grotesque buffoonery, you cannot but be pleased with him. I own, I felt myself doubly interested for every character which he represented. Nothing could equal the tone and countenance of self-satisfaction, with which he answered one who asked him whether he was a scholar? "Why, I was a master "of scholars." A Mrs. Webb (*n.*) represented a cheesemonger, and played the part of a woman of the lower class, so naturally, as I have no where else ever seen equalled. Her huge, fat, and lusty carcase, and the whole of her external appearance seemed quite to be cut out for it.

Poor *Edwin* was obliged, as school-master, to sing himself almost hoarse, as he sometimes was called on to repeat his declension and conjugation-songs, two or three times, only because it pleased the upper gallery, or *the gods*, as the English call them, to roar out, *encore!* Add to all this he was farther forced to thank them with a low bow for the great honour done him by their applause.

One of the highest comic touches in the piece seemed to me to consist in a lye, which always became more and more enormous in the mouths of

those who told it again, during the whole of the piece. This kept the audience in almost a continual fit of laughter. This farce is not yet printed, or I really think I should be tempted to venture to make a translation, or rather an imitation of it.

The English Merchant, or, *The Scotchwoman*, I have seen much better performed abroad, than it was here. Mr. Fleck, at Hamburg, in particular, played the part of *The English Merchant* with more interest, truth and propriety, than one *Aickin* did here. He seemed to me to fail totally in expressing the peculiar and original character of *Freeport*; instead of which, by his measured step, and deliberate, affected manner of speaking, he converted him into a mere fine gentleman.

The trusty old servant, who wishes to give up his life for his master, he too had the stately walk, or strut, of a minister. The character of the *Newspaper Writer*, was performed by the same Mr. Palmer, who acted the part of the *Nabob*; but every one said, what I thought, that he made him far too much of a gentleman. His person and his dress also were too handsome for the character.

The character of *Amelia* was performed by an actress, who made her first appearance on the stage, and from a timidity, natural on such an occasion, and not unbecoming, spoke rather low, so that she could not every where be heard, "*Speak louder! speak louder!*" cried out some

rude fellow from the upper gallery, and she immediately, with infinite condescension, did all she could, and not unsuccessfully, to please even an upper gallery critic.

The persons near me, in the pit, were often extravagantly lavish of their applause. They sometimes clapped a single solitary sentiment, that was almost as unmeaning as it was short, if it happened to be pronounced only with some little emphasis, or to contain some little point, some popular doctrine, a singularly pathetic stroke, or turn of wit.

The *Agreeable Surprise* was repeated; and I saw it a second time with unabated pleasure. It is become a favourite piece, and always announced with the addition of *the favourite musical farce*. The theatre appeared to me somewhat larger than the one at Hamburg; and the house was both times very full. Thus much for English plays, play-houses, and players.

English Customs and Education.

A few words more respecting pedantry (*n.*). I have seen the regulation of one seminary of learning, here called *an Academy*. Of these places of education, there is a prodigious number in London; though, notwithstanding their pompous names, they are in reality nothing more than small schools set up by private persons, for children and young people.

One of the Englishmen, who were my travelling companions, made me acquainted with a *Dr. G**** (n.)*, who lives near *P———*, and keeps an academy for the education of twelve young people, which number is here, as well as at our *Mr. Kampe's*, never exceeded, and the same plan has been adopted and followed by many others, both here, and elsewhere.

At the entrance I perceived over the door of the house a large board, and written on it, *Dr. G****'s Academy.* Dr. G. received me with great courtesy as a foreigner, and shewed me his school-room, which was furnished just in the same manner, as the classes in our public schools are, with benches and a professor's chair, or pulpit.

The usher, at *Dr. G****'s*, is a young clergyman, who, seated also in a chair, or desk, instructs the boys in the Greek and Latin Grammars.

Such an under-teacher is called an usher; and by what I can learn, is commonly a tormented being, exactly answering the exquisite description given of him in the Vicar of Wakefield. We went in, during the hours of attendance, and he was just hearing the boys decline their Latin, which he did in the old jog-trot way; and I own it had an odd sound to my ears, when instead of pronouncing, for example *viri veeree*, I heard them say *viri, of the man*, exactly according to the English pronunciation, and *viro, to the man.*

The case was just the same afterwards with the Greek.

*Mr. G***** invited us to dinner, when I became acquainted with his wife; a very genteel young woman, whose behaviour to the children was such, that she might be said to contribute more to their education than any one else. The children drank nothing but water. For every boarder, Dr. G. receives yearly no more than thirty pounds sterling; which, however, he complained of as being too little.—From forty to fifty pounds is the most that is generally paid in these academies.

I told him of our improvements in the manner of education; and also spoke to him of the apparent great worth of character of his usher. He listened very attentively, but seemed to have thought little himself on this subject. Before and after dinner the Lord's Prayer was repeated in French, which is done in several places, as if they were eager not to waste, without some improvement, even this opportunity also, to practise the French, and thus at once accomplish two points. I afterwards told him my opinion of this species of prayer, which, however, he did not take amiss.

After dinner the boys had leave to play in a very small yard, which in most schools, or academies, in the City of London, is the *ne plus ultra* of their play-ground in their hours of recreation. But Mr. G**** has another garden at

the end of the town, where he sometimes takes them to walk.

After dinner Mr. G**** himself instructed the children in writing, arithmetic, and French, all which seemed to be well taught here; especially writing, in which the young people in England far surpass, I believe, all others. This may, perhaps, be owing to their having occasion to learn only one sort of letters. As the Midsummer holidays were now approaching (at which time the children, in all the academies, go home for four weeks) every one was obliged with the utmost care to copy a written model, in order to shew it to their parents, because this article is most particularly examined, as every body can tell what is, or is not good writing. The boys knew all the rules of syntax by heart.

All these academies are in general called boarding-schools. Some few retain the old name of schools only; though it is possible, that, in real merit, they may excel the so much-boasted of academies.

It is in general the elergy, who have small incomes, who set up these schools both in town and country; and grown up people, who are foreigners, are also admitted here to learn the English language. Mr. G**** charged for board, lodging, and instruction in the English, two guineas a week. He, however, who is desirous of perfecting himself in the English, will do better to go some

distance into the country, and board himself with any clergyman, who takes scholars, where he will hear nothing but English spoken, and may at every opportunity be taught both by young and old.

There are in England, besides the two Universities, but few great schools or colleges.—In London there are only St. Paul's and Westminster schools; the rest are almost all private institutions, in which there reigns a kind of family education, which is certainly the most natural, if properly conducted. Some few grammar schools, or latin schools, are notwithstanding here and there to be met with, where the master receives a fixed salary, besides the ordinary profits of the school, paid by the scholars.

You see in the streets, of London, great and little boys running about in long blue coats, which, like robes, reach quite down to the feet, and little white bands, such as the clergy wear. These belong to a charitable institution, or school, which bears the name *of the Blue Coat School.* The singing of the choristers in the streets, so usual with us, is not at all customary here. Indeed, there is in England, or at least in London, such a constant walking, riding, and driving up and down, in the streets, that it would not be very practicable. Parents, here in general, nay even those of the lowest classes, seem to be kind and indulgent to their children; and do not, like our

common people, break their spirits too much by blows and sharp language. Children should certainly be enured early to set a proper value on themselves: whereas, with us, parents of the lower class bring up their children to the same slavery under which they themselves groan.

Notwithstanding the constant new appetites and calls of fashion, they here remain faithful to nature till a certain age.—What a contrast, when I figure to myself our petted pale-faced Berlin boys, at six years old, with a large bag, and all the parade of grown up persons, nay, even with laced coats; and here, on the contrary, see nothing but fine, ruddy, slim, active boys, with their bosoms open, and their hair cut on their forehead, whilst behind it flows naturally in ringlets. It is something uncommon here to meet a young man, and more especially a boy, with a pale or sallow face, with deformed features, or disproportioned limbs.—With us, alas! it is not to be concealed, the case is very much otherwise: if it were not, handsome people would hardly strike us so very much as they do in this country.

This free, loose, and natural dress, is worn till they are eighteen, or even till they are twenty. It is then, indeed, discontinued by the higher ranks, but with the common people it always remains the same. They then begin to have their hair dressed, and curled with irons, to give the head a large bushy appearance, and half their backs are covered

with powder. I am obliged to remain still longer under the hands of an English, than I was under a German, hair-dresser; and to sweat under his hot irons with which he curls my hair all over, in order that I may appear, among Englishmen, somewhat English. I must here observe that the English hair-dressers are also barbers, an office, however, which they perform very badly indeed; though I cannot but consider shaving, as a far more proper employment for these petit maîtres, than it is for surgeons, who, you know, in our country are obliged to shave us. It is incredible how much the English at present frenchify themselves, the only things yet wanting are bags and swords, with which, at least, I have seen no one walking publicly, but I am told they are worn at Court.

In the morning, it is usual to walk out in a sort of negligèe, or morning-dress, your hair not dressed, but merely rolled up in rollers, and in a frock and boots. In Westminster, the morning lasts till four, or five o'clock, at which time they dine; and supper and going to bed are regulated accordingly. They generally do not breakfast till ten o'clock. The farther you go from the Court, into the City, the more regular and domestic the people become; and there they generally dine about three o'clock, *i. e.* as soon as the business or 'Change is over.

Trimmed suits are not yet worn, and the most

usual dress is, in summer, a short white waistcoat, black breeches, white silk stockings, and a frock, generally of very dark blue cloth, which looks like black; and the English seem, in general, to prefer dark colours. If you wish to be full drest you wear black. Officers rarely wear their uniforms, but dress like other people, and are to be known to be officers only by a cockade in their hats.

It is a common observation, that the more solicitous any people are about dress, the more effeminate they are. I attribute it entirely to this idle adventitious passion for finery, that these people are become so over and above careful of their persons; they are for ever, and on every occasion, putting one another on their guard, against catching cold; "you'll certainly catch "cold," they always tell you, if you happen to be a little exposed to the draught of the air, or if you be not clad, as they think, sufficiently warm. The general topic of conversation in summer, is, on the important objects of whether such and such an acquaintance be in town, or such an one in the country. Far from blaming it, I think it natural and commendable, that nearly one half of the inhabitants of this great city migrate into the country in summer. And into the country, I too, though not a Londoner, hope soon to wander.

Electricity happens at present to be the puppet-show of the English. Whoever at all understands electricity, is sure of being noticed and successful.—

This, a certain Mr. Katterfelto (*n.*) experiences, who gives himself out for a *Prussian*, speaks bad English, and understands, beside the usual electrical and philosophical experiments, some *leger-de-main tricks*, with which, (at least, according to the papers) he sets the whole world in wonder. For, in almost every newspaper that appears, there are some verses on the great Katterfelto, which some one or other of his hearers are said to have made extempore. Every sensible person considers Katterfelto, as a puppy, an ignoramus, a braggadocio, and an impostor; notwithstanding which he has a number of followers. He has demonstrated to the people that the influenza, is occasioned by a small kind of insect, which poisons the air, and a nostrum, which he pretends to have found out, to prevent or destroy it, is eagerly bought of him. A few days ago he put into the papers: "It is true, that Mr. Katterfelto has al-"ways wished for cold and rainy weather, in order "to destroy the pernicious insects in the air; but "now, on the contrary, he wishes for nothing more "than for fair weather, as his Majesty and the "whole royal family have determined, the first fine "day, to be eye witnesses of the great *wonder*, "which this learned philosopher will render visible "to them." Yet all this while the royal family have not so much as even *thought* of seeing the wonders of Mr. Katterfelto. This kind of rodomontade is very finely expressed in English by the

word *puff*, which in its literal sense, signifies a blowing, or violent gust of wind, and in the metaphorical sense, a boasting, or bragging.

Of such *puffs* the English newspapers are daily full; particularly of quack medicines, and empirics; by means of which many a one here (and among others, a German, who goes by the name of the German Doctor) are become rich. An advertisement of a lottery in the papers begins with capitals in this manner:—"Ten Thousand "Pounds for a Sixpence! Yes, however astonishing "it may seem, it is nevertheless undoubtedly true "that, for the small stake of sixpence, ten thousand "pounds and other capital prizes may be won, "&c."—But enough for this time of the *puffs* of the English.

I yesterday dined with the Rev. Mr. Schrader, son-in-law to professor Foster of Halle. He is chaplain to the German chapel at St. James's, but besides himself, he has a colleague, and a reader, who is also in orders, but has only fifty pounds yearly salary. Mr. Schrader also instructs the younger princes and princesses of the royal family in their religion. At his house I saw the two chaplains, Mr. Lindeman and Mr. Kritter, who went with the Hanoverian troops to Minorca, and who were returned with the garrison. They were exposed to every danger along with the troops. The German clergy, as well as every other person in any public station, immediately under govern-

ment, are obliged to pay a considerable tax out of their salaries.

The English clergy (and I fear, those still more particularly who live in London) are noticeable, and lamentably conspicuous, by a very free, secular, and irregular way of life. Since my residence in England, one has fought a duel in Hyde-Park, and shot his antagonist. He was tried for the offence, and it was evident the judge thought him guilty of murder: but the jury declared him guilty only of manslaughter; and on this verdict, he was burnt in the hand, if that may be called burning which is done with a cold iron. This being a privilege which the nobility and clergy enjoy above other murderers.

Yesterday week, after I had preached for Mr. Wendeborn, we passed an English Church, in which, we understood, the sermon was not yet quite finished. On this we went in, and then I heard a young man preaching, with a tolerable good voice, and a proper delivery; but, like the English in general, his manner was unimpassioned, and his tone monotonous. From the church we went to a coffee-house, opposite to it, and there we dined. We had not been long there before the same clergyman, whom we had just heard preaching, also came in. He called for pen and ink, and hastily wrote down a few pages on a long sheet of paper which he put into his pocket; I suppose it was some rough sketch, or memorandum, that

occurred to him at that moment, and which he thus reserved for some future sermon. He too ordered some dinner; which he had no sooner eat than he returned immediately to the same church. We followed him, and he again mounted the pulpit, where he drew from his pocket a written paper, or book of notes, and delivered, in all probability, those very words, which he had just before composed in our presence, at the coffee-house.

In these coffee-houses, however, there generally prevails a very decorous stillness and silence. Every one speaks softly to those only who sit next him. The greater part read the newspapers, and no one ever disturbs another. The room is commonly on the ground floor, and you enter it immediately from the street, the seats are divided by wooden wainscot partitions. Many letters and projects are here written and planned, and many of those that you find in the papers are dated from some of these coffee-houses. There is, therefore, nothing incredible, nor very extraordinary, in a person's composing a sermon here, excepting that one would imagine it might have been done better at home, and certainly should not have thus been put off to the last minute.

Another long walk that I have taken pretty often is through Hanover-square and Cavendish-square, to Bullstrode-street, near Paddington, where the Danish Ambassador lives, and where I

have often visited the Danish Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Schonborn (*n.*). He is well known in Germany, as having attempted to translate Pindar into German. Besides this, and besides being known to be a man of genius, he is known to be a great proficient in most of the branches of natural philosophy. I have spent many very pleasant hours with him.

Sublime poetry, and, in particular, odes, are his forte; there are indeed few departments of learning, in which he has not extensive knowledge, and he is also well read in the Greek and Roman authors. Every thing he studies, he studies merely from the love he bears to the science itself, and by no means for the love of fame. One could hardly help saying it is a pity that so excellent a man should be so little known, were it not generally the case with men of transcendent merit. But what makes him still more valuable is his pure and open soul, and his amiable unaffected simplicity of character, which has gained him the love and confidence of all who know him. He has, heretofore, been Secretary to the Ambassador at Algiers; and even here, in London, when he is not occupied by the business arising from his public station, he lives exceedingly retired, and devotes his time almost entirely to the study of the sciences. The more agreeable I find such an acquaintance, the harder it will be for me to lose, as I soon must, his learned, his instructive, and his friendly conversation.

I have seen the large Freemason's Hall here, at the tavern of the same name. This hall is of an astonishing height and breadth, and to me it looked almost like a church. The orchestra is very much raised, and from that you have a fine view of the whole hall, which makes a majestic appearance. The building is said to have cost an immense sum. But to that the lodges in Germany also contributed. Free-masonry seems to be held in but little estimation in England, perhaps, because most of the lodges are now degenerated into mere drinking clubs; though, I hope, there still are some, who assemble for nobler and more essential purposes. The Duke of Cumberland is now Grand Master.

London, 20th June, 1782.

AT length, my determination of going into the country, takes effect; and I am to set off this very afternoon in a stage: so that I now write to you my last letter from London, I mean till I return from my pilgrimage; for as soon as ever I have got beyond the dangerous neighbourhood of London, I shall certainly no longer suffer myself to be cooped up in a post-coach; but take my staff and pursue my journey on foot. In the mean time however I will relate to you, what I may either have forgotten to write before, or,

what I have seen worth notice, within these few days last past, among which the foremost is

St. Paul's.

I must own that, on my entrance into this massy building, an uncommon vacancy, which seemed to reign in it, rather damped, than raised, an impression of any thing majestic in me. All around me I could see nothing but immense bare walls and pillars. Above me, at an astonishing height, was the vaulted stone roof; and beneath me, a plain, flat, even floor, paved with marble. No altar was to be seen, or any other sign that this was a place where mankind assemble to adore the Almighty. For, the church itself, or properly that part of it where they perform divine service, seems as it were a piece stuck on or added to the main edifice; and is separated from the large round empty space by an iron gate, or door. Did the great architects, who adopted this stile of building, mean by this to say that such a temple is most proper for the adoration of the Almighty? If this was their aim, I can only say, I admire the great temple of nature; the azure vaulted sky, and the green carpet with which the earth is spread. This is truly a large temple; but then there is in it no void, no spot unappropriated, or unfilled: but every where proofs in abundance of the presence of the Almighty. If however, mankind, in their honest ambition, to worship the great God of

Nature, in a stile not wholly unsuitable to the great object of their reverence, and in their humble efforts at magnificence, aim, in some degree, to rival the magnificence of nature, particular pains should be taken to hit on something that might atone for the unavoidable loss of the animation, and ampleness, of nature: something in short, that should clearly indicate the true and appropriated design and purpose of such a building. If, on the other hand, I could be contented to consider St. Paul's merely as a work of art; built as if merely to shew the amazing extent of human powers, I should certainly gaze at it with admiration and astonishment: but then I wish rather to contemplate it with awe and veneration. But, I perceive, I am wandering out of my way: St. Paul's is here, as it is, a noble pile, and not unworthy this great nation. And even if I were sure that I could, you would hardly thank me for shewing you, how it might have been still more worthy of this intelligent people. I make a conscience however of telling you always, with fidelity, what impression every thing I see or hear, makes on me at the time. For a small sum of money, I was conducted all over the church, by a man, whose office it seemed to be, and he repeated to me, I dare say, exactly his lesson, which no doubt he had perfectly got by rote; of how many feet long and broad it was; how many years it was in building, and in what year built: much of this

rigmarole story, which, like a parrot, he repeated mechanically, I could willingly have dispensed with. In the part that was separated from the rest by the iron gate, above mentioned, was what I call the church itself; furnished with benches, pews, pulpit, and an altar; and on each side, seats for the choristers, as there are in our cathedrals. This church seemed to have been built purposely in such a way, that the Bishop, or Dean, or Dignitary, who should preach there, might not be obliged to strain his voice too much. I was now conducted to that part, which is called the whispering gallery, which is a circumference of prodigious extent, just below the cupola. Here I was directed to place myself in a part of it directly opposite to my conductor, on the other side of the gallery, so that we had the whole breadth of the church between us; and here as I stood, he, knowing his cue no doubt, flung to the door, with all his force, which gave a sound that I could compare to nothing less than a peal of thunder. I was next desired to apply my ear to the wall, which, when I did, I heard the words of my conductor: "*can you hear me?*" Which he softly whispered quite on the other side, as plain and as loud, as one commonly speaks to a deaf person. This scheme to condense and invigorate sound at so great a distance, is really wonderful. I once noticed some sound of the same sort, in the senatorial cellar at Bremen; but neither that, nor

I believe any other in the world, can pretend to come in competition with this.

I now ascended several steps to the great gallery, which runs on the outside of the great dome, and here I remained nearly two hours, as I could hardly, in less time, satisfy myself with the prospect of the various interesting objects that lay all round me; and which can no where be better seen, than from hence.

Every view, and every object I studied attentively, by viewing them again and again on every side: for I was anxious to make a lasting impression of it on my imagination. Below me, lay steeples, houses, and palaces in countless numbers; the squares with their grass plots in their middle that lay agreeably dispersed and intermixed, with all the huge clusters of buildings, forming, meanwhile, a pleasing contrast, and a relief to the jaded eye.

At one end rose the Tower, itself a city, with a wood of masts behind it; and at the other Westminster Abbey with its steeples. There I beheld, clad in smiles, those beautiful green hills, that skirt the environs of Paddington and Islington: here on the opposite bank of the Thames, lay Southwark; the City itself it seems to be impossible for any eye to take in entirely, for, with all my pains, I found it impossible to ascertain, either where it ended, or where the circumjacent villages began: far as the eye could reach, it seemed to be all one continued chain of buildings.

I well remember how large I thought Berlin, when I first saw it, from the steeple of St. Mary, and from the Temple Yard Hills: but how did it now sink and fall in my imagination, when I compared it with London!

It is however idle and vain to attempt giving you, in words, any description, however faint and imperfect, of such a prospect as I have just been viewing. He who wishes at one view to see a world in miniature, must come to the dome of St. Paul's.

The roof of St. Paul's itself, with its two lesser steeples, lay below me, and as I fancied, looked something like the back ground of a small ridge of hills, which you look down upon, when you have attained the summit of some huge rock or mountain. I should gladly have remained here sometime longer, but a gust of wind which, in this situation, was so powerful, that it was hardly possible to withstand it, drove me down.

Notwithstanding that St. Paul's is itself very high, the elevation of the ground on which it stands, contributes greatly to its elevation.

The church of St. Peter at Berlin, notwithstanding the total difference between them in the stile of building, appears, in some respects, to have a great resemblance to St. Paul's, in London. At least its large high black roof, rises above the other surrounding buildings just as St. Paul's does.

What else I saw in this stately cathedral, was only a wooden model of this very edifice; which was made before the church was built, and which suggests some not unpleasing reflections, when one compares it with the enormous building itself.

The church-yard is enclosed with an iron rail; and it appears a considerable distance, if you go all round.

Owing to some cause or other, the sight of St. Paul's strikes you, as being confined; and it is certain, that this beautiful church is on every side closely surrounded by houses.

A marble statue of Queen Anne, in an enclosed piece of ground in the west front of the church, is something of an ornament to that side.

The size of the bell of St. Paul's is also worthy of notice, as it is reckoned one of those that are deemed the largest in Europe. It takes its place they say next to that at Vienna.

Every thing that I saw in St. Paul's cost me only a little more than a shilling, which I paid in pence and halfpence, according to a regulated price, fixed for every different curiosity.

Westminster Abbey.

On a very gloomy dismal day, just such an one as it ought to be, I went to see Westminster Abbey.

I entered at a small door, which brought me

immediately to *the poets' corner*, where the monuments and busts of the principal poets, artists, generals, and great men, are placed.

Not far from the door, immediately on my entrance, I perceived the statue of Shakespeare, as large as life; with a band &c. in the dress usual in his time.

A passage out of one of Shakespeare's own plays, (the tempest,) in which he describes in the most solemn and affecting manner, the end, or the dissolution, of all things, is here, with great propriety, put up as his epitaph; as though none but Shakespeare could do justice to Shakespeare.

Not far from this immortal bard is Rowe's monument, which, as is intimated in the few lines that are inscribed as his epitaph, he himself had desired to be placed there.

At no great distance, I saw the bust of that amiable writer, Goldsmith; to whom, as well as to Butler, whose monument is in a distant part of the Abbey, though they had scarcely necessary bread to eat during their life time, handsome monuments are now raised. Here, too you see, almost in a row, the monuments of Milton, Dryden, Gay, and Thomson. The inscription on Gay's tomb-stone is, if not actually immoral, yet futile and weak; though he is said to have written it himself,

"Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
"I thought so once, but now I know it."

Our Handel has also a monument here, where he is represented as large as life.

An actress, Pritchard, and Booth, an actor, have also very distinguished monuments erected here to their memories.

For Newton, as was proper, there is a very costly one. It is above, at the entrance of the choir, and exactly opposite to this, at the end of the church, another is erected, which refers you to the former.

As I passed along the side walls of Westminster Abbey, I hardly saw any thing but marble monuments of great admirals, but which were all too much loaded with finery and ornaments, to make, on me at least, the intended impression.

I always returned with most pleasure to *the poets' corner*, where the most sensible, the most able, and most learned men, of the different ages were re-assembled; and particularly where the elegant simplicity of the monuments, made an elevated and affecting impression on the mind, while a perfect recollection of some favourite passage, of a Shakespeare, or Milton, recurred to my idea, and seemed for a moment to re-animate and bring back the spirits of those truly great men.

Of Addison and Pope I have found no monuments here. The vaults where the Kings are buried, and some other things worth notice in the

Abbey, I have not yet seen; but perhaps I may at my return to London from the country.

I have made every necessary preparation for this journey. In the first place, I have an accurate map of England in my pocket; besides an excellent book of the roads, which Mr. Pointer, the English Merchant to whom I am recommended, has lent me: The title is, "A New and accurate "description of all the direct, and principal cross "Roads in Great-Britain." This book, I hope, will be of great service to me in my ramblings.

I was for a long time undecided which way I should go, whether to the Isle of Wight, to Portsmouth, or to Derbyshire, which is famous for its natural curiosities, and also for its romantic situation. At length I have determined on Derbyshire.

During my absence I leave my trunk at Mr. Mulhausen's, (one of Mr. Pointer's senior partners) that I may not be at the needless expence of paying for my lodging without making use of it. This Mr. Pointer lived long in Germany, and is politely partial to us and our language, and speaks it well. He is a well bred, and singularly obliging man; and one who possesses a vast fund of information, and a good taste. I cannot but feel myself happy in having obtained a recommendation to so accomplished a man: I got it from Messrs. Persent and Dorner, to whom I had the honour to be recommended by Mr. von Tauben-

heim, Privy Counsellor at Berlin. These recommendations have been of infinite use to me.

I propose to go to day as far as Richmond; for which place a Stage sets out about two o'clock from some inn, not far from the New Church in the Strand. Four guineas, some linen, my English book of the roads, and a map and pocket-book, together with Milton's Paradise Lost, which I must put in my pocket, compose the whole of my equipage; and I hope to walk very lightly with it. But it now strikes half past one; and of course it is time for me to be at the stage. Farewell! I will write to you again from Richmond.

Richmond, 21st June, 1782.

YESTERDAY afternoon I had the luxury, for the first time, of being driven in an English stage (*n.*). These coaches are, at least in the eyes of a foreigner, quite elegant, lined in the inside; and with two seats large enough to accommodate six persons: but it must be owned, when the carriage is full, the company are rather crowded.

At the White-hart from whence the coach sets out, there was, at first, only an elderly lady who got in; but as we drove along, it was soon filled, and mostly by ladies, there being only one more gentleman, and myself. The conversation of the

ladies among themselves, who appeared to be a little acquainted with each other, seemed to me to be but very insipid and tiresome. All I could do, was, I drew out my book of the roads, and marked the way we were going.

Before you well know that you are out of London, you are already in Kensington and Hammersmith; because there are, all the way, houses on both sides, after you are out of the City, just as you may remember the case is with us when you drive from Berlin to Schoneberg; although in point of prospect, houses, and streets, the difference, no doubt, is prodigious.

It was a fine day, and there were various delightful prospects on both sides, on which the eye would willingly have dwelt longer, had not our coach rolled on past them, so provokingly quick. It appeared somewhat singular to me, when, at a few miles from London, I saw at a distance a beautiful white house; and perceived on the high-road, on which we were driving, a direction-post, on which were written these words: "that great "white house, at a distance, is a boarding school!"

The man, who was with us in the coach, pointed out to us the country seats of the lords and great people, by which we passed; and entertained us with all kinds of stories of robberies, which had been committtd on travellers, hereabouts: so that the ladies at last began to be rather afraid; on which he began to stand up for the superior

honour of the English robbers, when compared with the French: the former he said robbed only, the latter, both robbed and murdered.

Notwithstanding this, there are in England another species of villains, who also murder, and that oftentimes for the merest trifle, of which they rob the person murdered. These are called *Foot-pads*, and are the lowest class of English rogues; amongst whom in general there reigns something like some regard to character.

The highest order of thieves are the pickpockets, or cutpurses, whom you find every where; and sometimes even in the best companies. They are generally well and handsomely dressed, so that you take them to be persons of rank; as indeed may sometimes be the case: persons who, by extravagance and excesses, have reduced themselves to want, and find themselves obliged at last to have recourse to pilfering and thieving.

Next to them, come the highwaymen, who rob on horse-back; and often, they say, even with unloaded pistols they terrify travellers, in order to put themselves in possession of their purses. Among these persons however there are instances of true greatness of soul; there are numberless instances of their returning a part of their booty, where the party robbed has appeared to be particularly distressed; and they are seldom guilty of murder.

Then comes the third and lowest, and worst

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of all thieves and rogues, the foot pads before mentioned; who are on foot and often murder in the most inhuman manner, for the sake of only a few shillings, any unfortunate people who happen to fall in their way. Of this several mournful instances may be read almost daily in the English papers. Probably they murder, because they cannot, like highwaymen, aided by their horses, make a rapid flight; and therefore such pests are frequently pretty easily pursued and taken, if the person robbed gives information of his robbery in time.

But, to return to our stage. I must observe, that they have here a curious way of riding, not in, but upon, a stage-coach. Persons, to whom it is not convenient to pay a full price, instead of the inside, sit on the top of the coach, without any seats or even a rail. By what means passengers thus fasten themselves securely on the roof of these vehicles, I know not; but you constantly see numbers seated there, apparently at their ease, and in perfect safety.

This they call riding on the outside; for which they pay only half as much as those pay, who are within: we had at present six of these passengers over our heads, who, when we alighted, frequently made such a noise, and bustle, as sometimes almost frightened us. He who can properly balance himself, rides not incommodiously on the outside: and in summer time, in fine weather, on

account of the prospects, it certainly is more pleasant than it is within: excepting that the company is generally low, and the dust is likewise more troublesome than in the inside, where, at any rate, you may draw up the windows according to your pleasure.

In Kensington where we stopped, a Jew applied for a place along with us; but as there was no seat vacant in the inside, he would not ride on the outside; which seemed not quite to please my travelling companions. They could not help thinking it somewhat preposterous, that a Jew should be ashamed to ride on the outside, or on any side, and in any way; since, as they added, he was nothing more than a Jew. This antipathy and prejudice against the Jews, I have noticed to be far more common here, than it is even with us, who certainly are not partial to them.

Of the beautiful country seats and villas which we now passed, I could only through the windows of our coach gain a partial and indistinct prospect; which led me to wish, as I soon most earnestly did, to be released from this moveable prison. Towards evening we arrived at Richmond. In London, before I set out, I had paid one shilling: another was now demanded; so that, upon the whole, from London to Richmond, the passage in the stage costs just two shillings.

As soon as I had alighted at an inn and had

drank my tea, I went out immediately to see the town and the circumjacent country.

Even this town, though hardly out of sight of London, is more countryfied, pleasanter, and more cheerful than London, and the houses do not seem to be so much blackened by smoke. The people also appeared to me here more sociable, and more hospitable. I saw several sitting on benches before their doors, to enjoy the cool breeze of the evening. On a large green area, in the middle of the town, a number of boys and even young men, were enjoying themselves, and playing at trap-ball. In the streets there reigned here, compared to London, a pleasing rural tranquillity; and I breathed a purer and fresher air.

I now went out of the town over a bridge, which lies across the Thames, and where you pay a penny, as often as you pass over it. The bridge is lofty, and built in the form of an arch, and from it you enter immediately into a most charming valley, that winds all along the banks of the Thames.

It was evening; the sun was just shedding her last parting rays on the valley: but such an evening, and such a valley! O, it is impossible I should ever forget them. The terrace at Richmond does assuredly afford one of the finest prospects in the world. Whatever is charming in nature, or pleasing in art, is to be seen here. Nothing I had ever seen, or ever can see else-

where, is to be compared to it. My feelings, during the few short enraptured minutes that I stood there, it is impossible for any pen to describe.

One of my first sensations was, chagrin and sorrow for the days and hours I had wasted in London; and I vented a thousand bitter reproaches on my irresolution, that I had not long ago quitted that huge dungeon, to come here, and pass my time in paradise.

Yes, my friend, whatever be your ideas of paradise, and how luxuriously soever it may be depictured to your imagination, I venture to foretell, that here you will be sure to find all those ideas realized. In every point of view, Richmond is assuredly one of the first situations in the world. Here it was that Thomson and Pope gleaned from nature all those beautiful passages with which their inimitable writings abound!

Instead of the incessant, distressing noise in London, I saw here at a distance, sundry little family parties, walking arm in arm along the banks of the Thames. Every thing breathed a soft and pleasing calm, which warmed my heart; and filled it with some of the most pleasing sensations, of which our nature is susceptible.

Beneath, I trod on that fresh, even, and soft verdure which is to be seen only in England: on one side of me lay a wood, than which nature cannot produce a finer; and on the other, Thames with

its shelvy bank, and charming lawns, rising like an amphitheatre; along which, here and there, one espies a picturesque white house, aspiring, in majestic simplicity, to pierce the dark foliage of the surrounding trees; thus, studding, like stars in the galaxy, the rich expanse of this charming vale.

Sweet Richmond! never, no never shall I forget that lovely evening, when from thy fairy hills thou didst so hospitably smile on me, a poor lonely, insignificant stranger! As I traversed to and fro thy meads, thy little swelling hills, and flowery dells, and above all, that queen of all rivers, thy own majestic Thames, I forgot all sublunary cares, and thought only of heaven and heavenly things. Happy, thrice happy am I, I again and again exclaimed, that I am no longer in yon gloomy city, but here in *Elysium*, in Richmond!

O ye copsy hills, ye green meadows, and ye rich streams in this blessed country,—how have ye enchanted me! Still however, let me recollect, and resolve, as I firmly do, that even ye shall not prevent my return to those barren and dusty lands, where my, perhaps a less indulgent, destiny has placed me; and where, in the due discharge of all the arduous and important duties of that humble function, to which providence has called me, I must and I will faithfully exert my best talents; and in that exertion find pleasure, and I trust, happiness. In every future moment of my

life, however, the recollection of this scene, and the feelings it inspired, shall cheer my labours, and invigorate my efforts.

These were some of my reflections, my dearest friend, during my solitary walk. Of the evening I passed at Richmond, I speak feebly, when I content myself with saying only, it was one of the pleasantest I ever spent in my life.

I now resolved to go to bed early, with a firm purpose of also rising early the next day, to revisit this charming walk. For I thought to myself, I have now seen this *Tempe* of the modern world imperfectly; I have seen it only by moon-light: how much more charming must it be, when glistening with the morning dew! These fond hopes alas! were all disappointed. In all great schemes of enjoyment, it is I believe, no bad way always to figure to yourself some possible evil that may arise; and to anticipate a disappointment. If I had done so, I should not perhaps have felt the mortification I then experienced, quite so pungent. By some means or other I staid too long out, and so when I returned to Richmond, I had forgot the name and sign of the inn, where I had before stopped; it cost me no little trouble to find it again.

When at last, I got back, I told the people, what a sweet walk I had had; and they then spoke much of a prospect from a neighbouring hill, known by the name of *Richmond Hill,* which

was the very same hill, from the top of which I had just been gazing, at the houses in the vale the preceding evening. From this same hill, therefore, I resolved the next morning to see the sun rise.

The landlady of this house was a notable one; and talked so much and so loud to her servants, that I could not get to sleep, till it was pretty late. However, I was up next morning at three o'clock: and was now particularly sensible of the great inconveniences they sustain in England by their bad custom of rising so late: for, as I was the only one in this family who was up, I could not get out of the house. This obliged me to spend three most irksome and heavy hours till six o'clock; however, a servant, at length, opened the door; and I rushed out, to climb Richmond-hill. To my infinite disappointment, within the space of an hour, the sky had become overcast, and it was now so cloudy, that I could not even see, nor of course enjoy, one half of the delightful prospect that lay before me.

On the top of this hill is an alley of chesnut-trees, under which here and there seats are placed. Behind the alley is a row of well built gentlemen's country seats: one does not wonder to see it thus occupied; besides the pure air, the prospect exceeds everything else of the kind in the world. I never saw a palace, which (if I were the owner of it) I would not give for any of the houses I now saw on Richmond Terrace.

The descent of the hill to the Thames is covered with verdure. The Thames, at the foot of it, forms near a semi-circle; in which it seems to embrace woody plains, with meadows and country seats in its bosom. On one side you see the town with its magnificent bridge; and on the other a dark wood.

At a distance you could perceive peeping out among the meadows and woods sundry small villages, so that notwithstanding the dulness of the weather, this prospect, even now, was one of the finest I had ever seen. But what is the reason, that yesterday evening my feelings were far more acute and lively, the impressions made on me much stronger, when from the vale I viewed the hill, and fancied that there was in it every thing that was delightful, than they are this morning, when from the hill itself I overlooked the vale, and knew pretty exactly what it contained.

I have now finished my breakfast; and, once more seize my staff, (the only companion I have) and now again, set out on this romantic journey on foot. From Windsor you shall hear more of me.

Windsor, 13th June (n.).

I HAVE already, my dearest friend, now that I write to you from hence, experienced so many inconveniences as a traveller on foot, that I am at some loss to determine, whether or no, I shall go on with my journey in the same manner.

A traveller on foot in this country seems to be considered as a sort of wild man, or an out-of-the-way-being, who is stared at, pitied, suspected, and shunned by every body that meets him. At least this has hitherto been my case, on the road from Richmond to Windsor.

My host at Richmond, yesterday morning, could not sufficiently express his surprize, that I intended to venture to walk as far as Oxford, and still farther. He however was so kind as to send his son, a clever little boy, to shew me the road leading to Windsor.

At first I walked along a very pleasant footway by the side of the Thames; where close to my right lay the king's garden. On the opposite bank of the Thames was *Isleworth*, a spot that seemed to be distinguished by some elegant gentlemen's country-seats and gardens. Here I was obliged to ferry the river, in order to get into the Oxford road, which also leads to Windsor.

When I was on the other side of the water,

I came to a house, and asked a man who was standing at the door, if I was on the right road to Oxford. "Yes," said he, "but you want a "carriage to carry you thither:" when I answered him that I intended walking it, he looked at me significantly, shook his head, and went into the house again.

I was now on the road to Oxford. It is a charming fine broad road; and I met on it carriages without number; which, however, on account of the heat, occasioned a dust that was extremely troublesome and disagreeable. The fine green hedges, which border the roads in England, contribute greatly to render them pleasant. This was the case in the road I now travelled: for, when I was tired, I sat down in the shade under one of these hedges, and read Milton. But this relief was soon rendered disagreeable to me; for, those who rode, or drove, past me, stared at me with astonishment; and made many significant gestures, as if they thought my head deranged. So singular must it needs have appeared to them to see a man sitting along the side of a public road, and reading. I therefore found myself obliged when I wished to rest myself and read, to look out for a retired spot in some by-lane or cross-road.

When I again walked, many of the coachmen who drove by, called out to me, ever and anon, and asked if I would not ride on the outside; and

when, every now and then, a farmer on horseback met me, he said, and seemingly with an air of pity for me,—"'tis warm walking, sir!" and when I passed through a village, every old woman testified her pity by an exclamation of—*Good God!*

As far as Hounslow, the way was very pleasant; afterwards I thought it not quite so good. It lay across a common, which was of a considerable extent, and bare, and naked; excepting that, here and there, I saw sheep feeding.

I now began to be rather tired; when, to my astonishment, I saw a tree in the middle of the common, that stood quite solitary, and spread a shade like an arbour around it: at the bottom, round the trunk, a bench was placed, on which one may sit down; beneath the shade of this tree, I reposed myself a little, read some of Milton, and made a note in my memorandum-book, that I would remember this tree, which had so charitably and hospitably received under it's shade, a weary traveller. This, you see, I have now done.

The short English miles are delightful for walking; you are always pleased to find, every now and then, in how short a time you have walked a mile: though, no doubt, a mile is every where a mile. I walk but a moderate pace, and can accomplish four English miles in an hour; it used to take me pretty nearly the same time

for one German mile. Now it is a pleasing exchange to find, that in two hours I can walk eight miles. And now I fancy, I was about seventeen miles from London, when I came to an inn, where, for a little wine and water I was obliged to pay sixpence. An Englishman, who happened to be sitting by the side of the innkeeper, found out that I was a German; and of course from the country of his queen: in praise of whom he was quite lavish; observing more than once, that England never had had such a queen, and would not easily get such another.

It now began to grown hot. On the left hand, almost close to the high-road, I met with a singularly clear rivulet. In this I bathed, and was much refreshed; and afterwards with fresh alacrity, continued my journey.

I had now got over the common: and was, once more, in a country rich and well cultivated, beyond all conception. This continued to be the case as far as *Slough*, which is twenty miles and a half from London, on the way to Oxford; and from which to the left there is a road leading to Windsor, whose high white castle I have already seen at a distance.

I made no stay here, but went directly to the right, along a very pleasant high-road, between meadows and green hedges, towards Windsor, where I arrived about noon.

It strikes a foreigner as something particular

and unusual, when, on passing through these fine English towns, he observes none of those circumstances, by which the towns in Germany are distinguished from the villages, no walls, no gates, no sentries, nor garrisons. No stern examiner comes here to search and inspect us, or our baggage; no imperious guard here demands a sight of our passports: perfectly free and unmolested, we here walk through villages and towns, as unconcerned, as we should through an house of our own.

Just before I got to Windsor, I passed Eton-College, one of the first public schools in England, and perhaps in the world. I have before observed, that there are in England fewer of these great schools than one might expect. It lay on my left; and on the right, directly opposite to it, was an inn, into which I went.

I suppose it was during the hour of recreation, or in play time, when I got to Eton: for I saw the boys, in the yard before the college, which was enclosed by a low wall, in great numbers, walking and running up and down.

Their dress struck me particularly: from the biggest to the least, they all wore black cloaks, or gowns, over coloured cloaths; through which there was an aperture for their arms. They also wore, besides, a square hat, or cap, that seemed to be covered with velvet, such as our clergymen in many places wear.

They were differently employed: some talking together; some playing; and some had their books in their hands; and were reading; but, I was soon obliged to get out of their sight, they stared at me so, as I came along, all over dust, with my stick in my hand.

As I entered the inn and desired to have something to eat, the countenance of the waiter soon gave me to understand, that I should there find no very friendly reception. Whatever I got, they seemed to give me, with such an air, as shewed too plainly how little they thought of me; and as if they considered me but as a beggar. I must do them the justice to own, however, that they suffered me to pay like a gentleman. No doubt this was the first time, this pert bepowdered puppy had ever been called on to wait on a poor devil, who entered their place on foot. I was tired; and asked for a bedroom, where I might sleep. They showed me into one, that much resembled a prison for malefactors. I requested that I might have a better room at night. On which, without any apology, they told me, that they had no intention of lodging me, as they had no room for such guests; but that I might go back to Slough, where very probably I might get a night's lodging.

With money in my pocket, and a consciousness moreover that I was doing nothing that was either imprudent, unworthy, or really mean, I own it mortified and vexed me, to find myself obliged to

put up with this impudent ill usage from people, who ought to reflect, that they are but the servants of the public; and little likely to recommend themselves to the high, by being insolent to the low. They made me, however, pay them two shillings for my dinner and coffee; which I had just thrown down, and was preparing to shake off the dust from my shoes, and quit this inhospitable St. Christopher, when the green hills of Windsor smiled so friendly upon me, that they seemed to invite me first to visit them.

And now, trudging through the streets of Windsor, I at length mounted a sort of hill: a steep path led me on to its summit, close to the walls of the castle, where I had an uncommonly extensive, and fine prospect, which so much raised my heart, that, in a moment, I forgot not only the insults of waiters and tavern-keepers, but the hardship of my lot, in being obliged to travel in a manner that exposed me to the scorn of a people whom I wished to respect. Below me lay the most beautiful landscapes in the world; all the rich scenery that nature, in her best attire, can exhibit. Here were the spots, that furnished those delightful themes, of which the muse of Denham and Pope made choice. I seemed to view a whole world at once, rich and beautiful, beyond conception. At that moment, what more could I have wished for!

And the venerable castle, that royal edifice,

which, in every part of it, has strong traces of antiquity, smiles through its green trees, like the serene countenance of some hoary sage, who, by the vigour of an happy constitution, still retains many of the charms of youth.

Nothing inspired me with more veneration and awe, than the fine old building, St. George's church; which, as you come down from the castle, is on your right. At the sight of it, past centuries seemed to revive in my imagination.

But I will see no more of those sights which are shewn you by one of those venal praters, who ten times a day, parrot-wise, repeat over the same dull lesson they have got by heart. The surly fellow, who, for a shilling, conducted me round the church, had nearly, with his chattering, destroyed the finest impressions. Henry the Eighth, Charles the First, and Edward the Fourth, are buried here. After all, this church, both within and without, has a most melancholy and dismal appearance.

They were building at, what is called, the queen's palace; and prodigious quantities of materials are provided for that purpose.

I now went down a gentle declivity into the delightful park at Windsor: at the foot of which, it looks so sombrous and gloomy, that I could hardly help fancying, it was some vast old gothic temple. This forest certainly, in point of beauty, surpasses every thing of the kind you can figure

to yourself. To its own charms, when I saw it, there were added a most pleasing and philosophical solitude; the coolness of an evening breeze; all aided by the soft sounds of music, which, at this distance from the castle, from whence it issued, was inexpressibly sweet. It threw me into a sort of enthusiastic and pleasing reverie, which made me ample amends for the fatigues, discourtesies, and continued cross accidents, I had encountered in the course of the day.

I now left the forest; the clock struck six, and the workmen were going home from their work.

I have forgot to mention the large round tower of the castle; which is also a very ancient building. The roads that lead to it, are, all along their sides planted with shrubs; these being modern and lively, make a pleasing contrast to the fine old mossy walls. On the top of this tower the flag of Great-Britain is usually displayed; which however, as it was now late in the evening, was taken in.

As I came down from the castle, I saw the king driving up to it, in a very plain, two-wheeled, open carriage. The people here were politer, than I used to think they were in London: for, I did not see a single person, high or low, who did not pull off their hats, as their sovereign passed them.

I was now again in Windsor; and found myself not far from the castle, opposite to a very capital inn, where I saw many officers and several

persons of consequence going in and out. And here, at this inn, contrary to all expectation, I was received by the landlord, with great civility, and even kindness; very contrary to the haughty and insolent airs, which the upstart at the other, and his jackanapes of a waiter, there thought fit to give themselves.

However, it seemed to be my fate to be still a scandal, and an eye-sore to all the waiters. The maid, by the order of her master, shewed me a room where I might adjust my dress a little; but I could hear her mutter and grumble, as she went along with me. Having put myself a little to rights, I went down into the coffee-room, which is immediately at the entrance of the house, and told the landlord, that I thought I wished to have yet one more walk. On this, he obligingly directed me to stroll down a pleasant field behind his house, at the foot of which, he said, I should find the Thames, and a good bathing place.

I followed his advice, and this evening was, if possible, finer than the preceding. Here again, as I had been told I should, I found the Thames, with all its gentle windings; Windsor, shone nearly as bright over the green vale, as those charming houses on Richmond-Hill, and the verdure was not less soft and delicate. The field I was in, seemed to slope a little towards the Thames. I seated myself near a bush; and there waited the going down of the sun. At a distance

I saw a number of people bathing in the Thames. When, after sun-set, they were a little dispersed, I drew near the spot I had been directed to: and here, for the first time, I sported in the cool tide of the Thames. The bank was steep, but my landlord had dug some steps that went down into the water; which is extremely convenient for those who cannot swim. Whilst I was there, a couple of smart lively apprentice boys came also, from the town; who, with the greatest expedition, threw off their cloaths and leathern aprons, and plunged themselves, head foremost, into the water, where they opposed the tide with their sinewy arms, till they were tired. They advised me with much natural civility, to untie my hair, and that then, like them, I might plunge into the stream, head foremost.

Refreshed and strengthened by this cool bath, I took a long walk by moon-light on the banks of the Thames; to my left were the towers of Windsor, before me a little village, with a steeple, the top of which peeped out among the green trees; at a distance two inviting hills, which I was to climb in the morning; and around me the green corn-fields; Oh! how indescribably beautiful was this evening, and this walk! at a distance among the houses, I could easily descry the inn where I lodged, and where I seemed to myself at length to have found a place of refuge, and an home: and

I thought, if I could but stay there, I should not be very sorry, if I were never to find another.

How soon did all these pleasing dreams vanish! On my return, the waiters (who from my appearance, too probably expected but a trifling reward for their attentions to me) received me gruffly, and as if they were sorry to see me again. This was not all: I had the additional mortification to be again roughly accosted by the cross maid, who had before shewn me to the bed-chamber; and who, dropping a kind of half courtesy, with a suppressed laugh, sneeringly told me, I might look out for another lodging, as I could not sleep there, since the room she had by mistake shewn me, was already engaged. It can hardly be necessary to tell you, that I loudly protested against this sudden change. At length the landlord came and I appealed to him: and he with great courtesy, immediately desired another room to be shewn me; in which, however, there were two beds; so that I was obliged to admit a companion. Thus was I very near being a second time turned out of an inn.

Directly under my room, was the tap-room: from which I could plainly hear too much of the conversation of some low people, who were drinking and singing songs, in which, as far as I could understand them, there were many passages at least as vulgar and nonsensical as ours.

This company, I guessed, consisted chiefly of

soldiers, and low fellows. I was hardly well lulled to sleep by this hurley-burley, when my chum (probably one of the drinking party below) came stumbling into the room and against my bed. At length, though not without some difficulty, he found his own bed; into which he threw himself just as he was, without staying to pull off either cloaths or boots.

This morning I rose very early, as I had proposed, in order to climb the two hills, which yesterday presented me with so inviting a prospect; and in particular that one of them, on the summit of which an high white house appeared among the dark green trees; the other was close by.

I found no regular path leading to these hills; and therefore went straight forward, without minding roads; only keeping in view the object of my aim. This certainly created me some trouble. I had sometimes an hedge, and sometimes a bog to walk round; but at length I had attained the foot of the so earnestly wished for hill, with the high white house on its summit, when, just as I was going to ascend it, and was already pleasing myself in the idea with the prospect from the white house, behold I read these words on a board: *Take care! there are steel traps and spring guns here.* All my labour was lost, and I now went round to the other hill; but here were also *steel traps* and *spring-guns* though probably never in-

tended to annoy such a wanderer as myself, who wished only to enjoy the fine morning air from this eminence.

Thus disappointed in my hopes, I returned to Windsor, much in the same temper and manner as I had yesterday morning from Richmond-Hill; where my wishes had also been frustrated.

When I got to my inn, I received from the ill-tempered maid, who seemed to have been stationed there, on purpose to plague and vex me, the polite welcome, that on no account should I sleep another night there. Luckily, that was not my intention. I now write to you in the coffee-room, where two Germans are talking together, who certainly little suspect, how well I understand them; if I were to make myself known to them, as a German, most probably, even these fellows would not speak to me, because I travel on foot. I fancy they are Hanoverians! The weather is so fine, that notwithstanding the inconveniences I have hitherto experienced on this account, I think, I shall continue my journey in the same manner.

Oxford, June 25.

TO what various, singular, and unaccountable fatalities and adventures are not foot-travellers exposed, in this land of carriages and horses! But, I will begin my relation in form and order.

In Windsor, I was obliged to pay for an old fowl I had for supper; for a bed-room which I procured with some difficulty and not without murmurs, and in which, to compleat my misadventures, I was disturbed by a drunken fellow; and for a couple of dishes of tea, nine shillings, of which the fowl alone was charged six shillings.

As I was going away, the waiter who had served me with so very ill a grace, placed himself on the stairs and said, "pray remember the waiter!" I gave him three half-pence: on which he saluted me with the heartiest *G—d d—m you*, sir! I had ever heard. At the door stood the cross maid, who also accosted me with—"pray, remember the chamber-maid!" Yes, yes, said I, I shall long remember your most ill-mannered behaviour, and shameful incivility; and so I gave her nothing. I hope she was stung and nettled at my reproof: however she strove to stifle her anger by a contemptuous, loud horse laugh. Thus, as I left Windsor, I was literally followed by abuse and curses.

I am very sorry to say, that I rejoiced when

I once more perceived the towers of Windsor behind me. It is not proper for wanderers to be prowling near the palaces of kings: and so I sat me down, philosophically, in the shade of a green hedge, and again read Milton; no friend of kings, though the first of poets. Whatever I may think of their inns, it is impossible not to admire and be charmed with this country.

I took my way through *Slough* by *Salt-hill*, to *Maidenhead*. At *Salt-hill*, which can hardly be called even a village, I saw a barber's-shop; and so I resolved to get myself both shaved and dressed. For putting my hair a little in order, and shaving me, I was forced to pay him a shilling. Opposite to this shop, there stands an elegant house, and a neat garden.

Between Salt-hill and Maidenhead, I met with the first very remarkable and alarming adventure, that has occurred during my pilgrimage.

Hitherto I had scarcely met a single foot-passenger, whilst coaches without number every moment rolled pass me; for, there are few roads, even in England, more crowded than this western road, which leads to Bath and Bristol as well as to Oxford. I now also began to meet numbers of people on horseback; which is by no means an usual method of travelling (*n.*).

The road now led me along a low sunken piece of ground between high trees, so that I could not see far before me, when a fellow in a brown frock

and round hat, with a stick in his hand a great deal stronger than mine, came up to me. His countenance immediately struck me, as having in it something suspicious. He however passed me; but before I was aware, he turned back and asked me for a halfpenny, to buy, as he said, some bread, as he had eat nothing that day. I felt in my pocket, and found that I had no halfpence; no, nor even a sixpence, in short nothing but shillings. I told him the circumstance, which I hoped would excuse me: on which he said with an air and manner, the drift of which I could not understand, "God bless my soul!" this drew my attention still closer to the huge brawny fist, which grasped his stick; and that closer attention determined me immediately to put my hand in my pocket and give him a shilling. Meanwhile a coach came up. The fellow thanked me, and went on. Had the coach come a moment sooner, I should not easily have given him the shilling; which, God knows, I could not well spare. Whether this was a foot-pad or not, I will not pretend to say; but he had every appearance of it.

I now came to Maidenhead-bridge, which is five and twenty English miles from London.

The English mile-stones give me much pleasure; and they certainly are a great convenience to travellers. They have often seemed to ease me of half the distance of a journey, merely by telling

me how far I had already gone; and by assuring me, that I was on the right road. For, besides the distance from London, every mile-stone informs you, that, to the next place is so many miles: and where there are cross-roads, there are direction-posts, so that it is hardly possible to lose one's-self in walking. I must confess that all this journey has seemed but as it were one continued walk for pleasure.

From Maidenhead-bridge, there is a delightful prospect towards an hill, which extends itself along the right bank of the Thames: and on the top of it, there are two beautiful country seats, all surrounded with meadows and parks. The first is called *Taplow*, and belongs to the earl of Inchiquin; and a little further *Cliefden*, which also belongs to him.

These villas seem all to be surrounded with green meadows; lying along thick woods; and, altogether, are most charming.

From this bridge, it is not far to Maidenhead; near which, on the left, is another prospect of a beautiful seat, belonging to Pennyston Powney, esq.

All this knowledge I have gained chiefly from my English guide; which I have constantly in my hand; and in which every thing most worthy of notice in every mile is marked. These notices I get confirmed or refuted by the people at whose houses I stop: who wonder, how I, who am

a Foreigner, have come to be so well acquainted with their country.

Maidenhead is a place of little note: for some mulled ale, which I desired them to make me, I was obliged to pay nine-pence. I fancy they did not here take me to be either a great, or a very rich, man. For, I heard them say, as I passed on, "A stout fellow!" (*n.*) This, though perhaps not untrue, did not seem to sound in my ears, as very respectful.

At the end of the village was a shoemaker's shop; just as at the end of Salthill, there was a barber's shop.

From hence I went to Henley, which is eleven miles from Maidenhead, and thirty-six from London.

Having walked pretty fast for six English miles together, and being now only five miles from Henley, I came to a rising-ground where there just happened to be a mile-stone, near which I sat down, to enjoy one of the most delightful prospects: the contemplation of which, I recommend to every one, who may ever happen to come to this spot. Close before me rose a soft hill, full of green cornfields, fenced with quick-hedges; and at the top it was encircled with a wood.

At some little distance, in a large semicircle, one green hill rose after another, all around me, gently raising themselves aloft from the banks of the Thames, and on which, woods, meadows,

arable lands, and villages, were interspersed in the greatest and most beautiful variety; whilst at their foot, the Thames meandered, in most picturesque windings, among villages, gentlemen's seats, and green vales.

The banks of the Thames are every where beautiful, every where charming: how delighted was I with the sight of it, when, having lost it for a short time, I suddenly and unexpectedly saw it again with all its beautiful banks. In the vale below, flocks were feeding; and from the hills, I heard the sweet chimes of distant bells.

The circumstance that renders these English prospects so enchantingly beautiful, is a concurrence and union of the *tout ensemble*. Every thing coincides and conspires to render them fine, moving, pictures. It is impossible to name, or find a spot, on which the eye would not delight to dwell. Any of the least beautiful of any of these views that I have seen in England, would, any where in Germany, be deemed a paradise.

Reinforced, as it were, by this gratifying prospect, to support fresh fatigues, I now walked a quick pace, both up and down hills, the five remaining miles to Henley; where I arrived about four in the afternoon.

To the left, just before I got to Henley, on this side of the Thames, I saw on a hill, a fine park and a magnificent country-seat; at present occupied by general Conway.

Just before my entrance into Henley, I walked a little directly on the banks of the Thames; and sat myself down in the high grass; whilst, opposite to me, on the other side, lay the park on the hill. As I was a little tired, I fell asleep, and when I awaked the last rays of the setting sun just shone upon me.

Invigorated by this sweet, though short, slumber, I walked on; and entered the town. It's appearance, however, indicated that it was too fine a place for me, and so I determined to stop at an inn on the road-side; such an one as the Vicar of Wakefield well calls, "the resort (*n.*) of indigence and frugality."

The worst of it was, no one, even in these places of refuge, would take me in. Yet, on this road, I met two farmers, the first of whom I asked, whether he thought I could get a night's lodging at an house which I saw at a distance, by the road-side. "Yes, sir, I dare say you may!" he replied. But, he was mistaken: when I came there, I was accosted with that same harsh salutation, which though alas, no longer quite new to me, was still unpleasing to my ears. "We have got no beds; "you can't stay here to night!" It was the same at the other inn, on the road; I was therefore obliged to determine to walk on as far as Nettlebed, which was five miles farther; where I arrived rather late in the evening, when it was indeed quite dark.

Every thing seemed to be all alive in this little village; there was a party of militia soldiers who were dancing, singing, and making merry. Immediately on my entrance into the village, the first house that I saw, lying on my left was an inn, from which, as usual in England, a large beam extended across the street to the opposite house, from which hung dangling an astonishing large sign, with the name of the proprietor.

"May I stay here to night?" I asked with eagerness: "why, yes, you may;" an answer, which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

They shewed me into the kitchen, and set me down to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of those kitchens which I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels; and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners.

The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roasting and boiling, seemed to be taken off from the rest of the room and enclosed by a wooden partition: the rest of the apartment was made use of as a sitting and eating room. All round on the sides were shelves with pewter dishes and plates, and the ceiling was well stored with provisions of various kinds, such as sugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, sausages, flitches of bacon, &c.

While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up: and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole house set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted however only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer; and then drove away again. Notwithstanding, the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise.

Though this was only an ordinary village, and they certainly did not take me for a person of consequence, they yet gave me a carpeted bedroom, and a very good bed.

The next morning I put on clean linen, which I had along with me, and dressed myself as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening before, shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; a room that seemed to be allotted for strangers, on the ground-floor. I was also now addressed by the most respectful term, *Sir*; whereas, the evening before I had been called only *Master*: by this latter appellation, I believe, it is usual to address only farmers, and quite common people.

This was Sunday; and all the family were in their Sunday-cloaths. I now began to be much pleased with this village, and so I resolved to stop

at it for the day, and attend divine-service. For this purpose I borrowed a prayer-book of my host. Mr. *Illing* was his name, which struck me the more, perhaps, because it is a very common name in Germany. During my breakfast, I read over several parts of the English liturgy, and could not help being struck at the circumstance that every word in the whole service seems to be prescribed and dictated to the clergyman. They do not visit the sick but by a prescribed form: as, for instance, they must begin by saying, "Peace "be to this house," &c.

Its being called a *prayer-book*, rather than, like ours, an *hymn-book*, arises from the nature of the English service, which is composed very little of singing; and almost entirely of praying. The psalms of David, however, are here translated into English verse; and are generally printed at the end of English prayer-books.

The prayer-book, which my landlord lent me, was quite a family-piece; for all his children's births and names, and also his own wedding-day, were very carefully set down in it. Even on this account alone the book would not have been uninteresting to me.

At half-past nine, the service began. Directly opposite to our house, the boys of the village were all drawn up, as if they had been recruits, to be drilled: all well-looking, healthy lads, neat and decently dressed, and with their hair cut short and

combed on the forehead, according to the English fashion. Their bosoms were open, and the white frills of their shirts turned back on each side. They seemed to be drawn up here at the entrance of the village, merely to wait the arrival of the clergyman.

I walked a little way out of the village; where, at some distance, I saw several people coming from another village, to attend divine-service here at Nettlebed.

At length came the parson on horseback. The boys pulled off their hats, and all made him very low bows. He appeared to be rather an elderly man, and wore his own hair round and decently dressed; or rather curling naturally.

The bell now rung in, and so I too, with a sort of secret proud sensation, as if I also had been an Englishman, went with my prayer-book under my arm to church, along with the rest of the congregation; and when I got into the church, the clerk very civilly seated me close to the pulpit.

Nothing can possibly be more simple, apt, and becoming than the few decorations of this church.

Directly over the altar, on two tables, in large letters, the ten commandments were written. There surely is much wisdom and propriety in thus placing, full in the view of the people, the sum and substance of all morality.

Under the pulpit, near the steps that led up to

it, was a desk, from which the clergyman read the liturgy. The responses were all regularly made by the clerk; the whole congregation joining occasionally, though but in a low voice: As for instance, the minister said, "Lord have mercy upon us!" the clerk and the congregation immediately subjoin, "and forgive us all our sins." In general, when the clergyman offers up a prayer, the clerk, and the whole congregation answer only, *Amen!*

The English service must needs be exceedingly fatiguing to the officiating minister, inasmuch as, besides a sermon, the greatest part of the liturgy falls to his share to read, besides the psalms, and two lessons. The joining of the whole congregation in prayer has something exceedingly solemn and affecting in it. Two soldiers, who sat near me in the church, and who had probably been in London, seemed to wish to pass for philosophers, and wits; for they did not join in the prayers of the church.

The service was now pretty well advanced, when I observed some little stir in the desk: the clerk was busy, and they seemed to be preparing for something new and solemn; and I also perceived several musical instruments. The clergyman now stopped and the clerk then said, in a loud voice, "Let us sing to the praise and glory "of God, the forty-seventh psalm."

I cannot well express how affecting and edifying

it seemed to me, to hear this whole, orderly, and decent congregation, in this small country church, joining together, with vocal and instrumental music, in the praise of their Maker. It was the more grateful, as having been performed not by mercenary musicians, but by the peaceful and pious inhabitants, of this sweet village. I can hardly figure to myself any offering more likely to be grateful to God.

The congregation sang and prayed alternately several times; and the tunes of the psalms were particularly lively and cheerful, though at the same time sufficiently grave, and uncommonly interesting. I am a warm admirer of all sacred music; and I cannot but add, that that of the church of England is particularly calculated to raise the heart to devotion. I own it often affected me even to tears.

The clergyman now stood up and made a short, but very proper discourse on this text; "Not all "they who say, Lord, Lord! shall enter the "kingdom of heaven." His language was particularly plain, though forcible; his arguments were no less plain, convincing, and earnest; but contained nothing that was particularly striking. I do not think the sermon lasted more than half an hour.

This clergyman had not perhaps a very prepossessing appearance: I thought him also a little distant and reserved; and I did not quite like his

returning the bows of the farmers with a very formal nod.

I staid till the service was quite over; and then went out of the church with the congregation, and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, in the church-yard; which, in general, are simpler, more pathetic, and better written than ours.

There were some of them, which, to be sure, were ludicrous and laughable enough. Among these is one on the tomb of a smith, which, on account of it's singularity, I here copy and send you.

"My sledge and anvil lie declin'd,
"My bellows too have lost their wind;
"My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
"My coals are spent, my iron's gone,
"My nails are drove; my work is done."

Many of these epitaphs closed with the following quaint rhymes:

"Physicians were in vain;
"God knew the best;
"So here I rest."

In the body of the church I saw a marble monument of a son of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, (*n.*) with the following simple and affecting inscription:

"The same good sense which qualified him for every public employment,
"Taught him to spend his life here in retirement."

All the farmers, whom I saw here, were dressed, not as ours are, in coarse frocks, but with some taste, in fine good cloth; and were to be distinguished from the people of the town, not so much by their dress, as by the greater simplicity and modesty of their behaviour.

Some soldiers, who probably were ambitious of being thought to know the world, and to be wits, joined me, as I was looking at the church, and seemed to be quite ashamed of it, as, they said, it was only a very miserable church. On which I took the liberty to inform them, that no church could be miserable, which contained orderly and good people.

I staid here to dinner. In the afternoon there was no service; the young people, however, went to church, and there sang some few psalms. Others of the congregation were also present. This was conducted with so much decorum, that I could hardly help considering it, as, actually, a kind of church-service. I staid, with great pleasure, till this meeting also was over.

I seemed indeed to be enchanted, and as if I could not leave this village. Three times did I get off, in order to go on farther, and as often returned, more than half resolved to spend a week, or more, in my favourite Nettlebed.

But the recollection that I had but a few weeks to stay in England, and that I must see Derbyshire, at length drove me away. I cast back many

a longing, lingering look on the little church-steeple, and those hospitable friendly roofs, where, all that morning, I had found myself so perfectly at home.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I left this place; and I was still eighteen miles from Oxford. However, I seemed resolved to make more than one stage of it to Oxford, that seat of the muses, and so, by passing the night about five miles from it, to reach it in good time next morning.

The road from Nettlebed seemed to me but as one long fine gravel-walk in a neat garden. And my pace in it was varied, like that of one walking in a garden: I sometimes walked quick, then slow, and then sat down and read Milton.

When I had got about eight miles from Nettlebed, and was now not far from Dorchester, I had the Thames at some distance on my left; and on the opposite side, I saw an extensive hill, behind which a tall mast seemed to rise. This led me to suppose, that on the other side of the hill there must needs also be a river. The prospect I promised myself from this hill could not possibly be passed; and so I went out of the road to the left over a bridge across the Thames, and mounted the hill, always keeping the mast in view. When I had attained the summit, I found (and not without some shame and much chagrin) that it was all an illusion. There was, in fact, nothing before

me but a great plain; and the mast had been fixed there, either as a may-pole only, or to entice curious people out of their way.

I therefore now again, slowly and sullenly, descended the hill, at the bottom of which was an house, where several people were looking out of the window, and, as I supposed, laughing at me. Even if it were so, it seemed to be but fair, and so it rather amused, than vexed, me; and I continued to jog on, without much regreting my waste journey to the mast.

Not far from Dorchester, I had another delightful view. The country here became so fine, that I positively could not prevail on myself to quit it, and so I laid myself down on the green turf, which was so fresh and sweet, that I could almost have been contented, like Nebuchadnezzar, to have grazed on it. The moon was at the full; the sun darted its last parting rays through the green hedges; to all which was added, the overpowering fragrance of the meadows, the diversified song of the birds, the hills that skirted the Thames; some of them of a light, and others of a dark-green hue; with the tufted tops of trees dispersed here and there among them. The contemplation of all these delightful circumstances well-nigh overcame me.

I arrived rather late at Dorchester. This is only a small place; but there is in it a large and noble old church. As I was walking along, I saw several ladies with their heads dressed, leaning

out of their windows, or standing before the houses; and this made me conclude, that this was too fine a place for me; and so I determined to walk on three quarters of a mile farther to Nuneham; which place is only five miles from Oxford. When I reached Nuneham, I was not a little tired: and it was also quite dark.

The place consists of two rows of low, neat houses, built close to each other, and as regular and uniform as a London street. All the doors seemed to be shut; and even a light was to be seen only in a few of them.

At length quite at the end of the place, I perceived a great sign hanging across the street, and the last house to the left was the inn, at which every thing seemed to be still in motion.

I entered without ceremony, and told them my errand; which was, that I intended to sleep there that night. "By no means!" was the answer, "it was utterly impossible; the whole house was "full, and all their beds engaged; and, as I had "come so far, I might even as well walk on the "remaining five miles to Oxford."

Being very hungry, I requested that, at least, they would give me something to eat. To this they answered, that, as I could not stay all night there, it would be more proper for me to sup where I lodged; and so I might go on.

At length, quite humbled by the untowardness of my circumstances, I asked for a pot of beer,

and that they did vouchsafe to give me, for ready money only: but a bit of bread, to eat with it (for which also I would willingly have paid) they peremptorily refused me.

Such unparallelled inhospitality I really could not have expected in an English inn: but, resolving, with a kind of spiteful indignation, to see how far their inhumanity would carry them, I begged that they would only let me sleep on a bench, and merely give me house-room; adding, that if they would grant me that boon only, I would pay them the same as for a bed; for, that I was so tired, I could not possibly go any farther. Even in the moment that I was thus humbly soliciting this humble boon, they banged the door to full in my face.

As here, in a small village, they had refused to receive me, it seemed to be presumption to hope, that I should gain admittance at Oxford. What could I do? I was much tired, and so as it was not a very cold night, I resolved to pass it in the open air; in this resolution, bouncing from this rude inn, I went to look out for a convenient spot for that purpose, in an adjoining field, beneath some friendly tree. Just as I had found a place, which I thought would do, and was going to pull off my great coat, to lay under my head, by way of pillow, I heard some one behind me, following me with a quick pace. At first, I was alarmed, but my fears were soon dispelled by his calling

after me, and asking, "if I would accept of company."

As little as any one is to be trusted, who thus follows you into a field in a dark night, yet it was a pleasure to me to find that there were still some beings not quite inhuman; and at least one person, who still interested himself about me: I therefore stopped, and as he came up to me, he said that if I was a good walker, we might keep each other company, as he was also going to Oxford. I readily accepted of his proposal, and so we immediately set off together.

Now, as I could not tell whether my travelling companion was to be trusted or not, I soon took an opportunity to let him know that I was poor, and much distressed. To confirm this, I told him of the inhumanity with which I had just been treated at the inn; where they refused a poor wanderer so much as a place to lay his head, or even a morsel of bread for his money.

My companion somewhat excused the people, by saying, that the house was really full of people who had been at work in the neighbourhood, and now slept there. But that they had refused me a bit of bread, he certainly could not justify. As we went along, other topics of conversation were started, and among other things, he asked me where I came from that day?

I answered, from Nettlebed, and added, that I had attended divine service there that morning.

As you probably passed through Dorchester, this afternoon, said he, you might have heard me preach also, had you come into the church there, for that is my curacy from which I am just come, and am now returning to Oxford. So you are a clergyman, said I, quite overjoyed that, in a dark night, I had met a companion on the road, who was of the same profession as myself. And I also, said I, am a preacher of the gospel, though not of this country. And now, I thought it right to give him to understand that it was not, as I had before intimated, out of absolute poverty, but with a view of becoming better acquainted with men and manners, that I thus travelled on foot. He was as much pleased with this agreeable meeting as myself; and before we took a step farther, we cordially shook hands.

He now began to address me in Latin, and on my answering him in that language, which I attempted to pronounce according to the English manner of speaking it, he applauded me not a little for my correct pronunciation. He then told me, that some years ago, in the night also, and nearly at the same spot where he found me, he had met another German, who likewise spoke to him in Latin; but this unknown countryman of mine had pronounced it so very badly, that he said, it was absolutely unintelligible.

The conversation now turned on various theological matters; and among others on the novel

notions of a Dr. Priestly (*n.*), whom he roundly blamed. I was not at all disposed to dispute that point with him, and so, professing with great sincerity, an high esteem for the Church of England, and great respect and regard for its clergy, I seemed to gain his good opinion.

Beguiling the tediousness of the road by such discourse, we were now got, almost without knowing it, quite to Oxford.

He told me, I should now see one of the finest, and most beautiful cities, not only in England, but in all Europe. All he lamented was, that, on account of the darkness of the night, I should not immediately see it.

This really was the case; and now, said he, as we entered the town, I introduce you into Oxford, by one of the finest, the longest, and most beautiful streets, not only in this city, but in England, and I may safely add, in all Europe.

The beauty and the magnificence of the street I could not distinguish; but of its length I was perfectly sensible by my fatigue; for we still went on, and still through the longest, the finest, and most beautiful street in Europe, which seemed to have no end; nor had I any assurance that I should be able to find a bed for myself in all this famous street. At length my companion stopped to take leave of me, and said, he should now go to his college.

And I, said I, will seat myself for the night on

this stone-bench, and await the morning, as it will be in vain for me, I imagine, to look for shelter in an house at this time of night.

Seat yourself on a stone, said my companion, and shook his head: No! no! come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house, where, it is possible, they mayn't be gone to bed, and we may yet find company. We went on, a few houses further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment, when, on our being shown into a room on the left, I saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise, for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

I now saw myself, in a moment as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently, very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary, that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Meanwhile, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and, in the course of conversation, I gave them as good an account as I could of our German Universities,

neither denying, nor concealing, that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. "O we are "very unruly here too," said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused: they enquired after Mr. Bruns, at present Professor at Helmstadt, and who was known by many of them.

Among these gentlemen, there was one of the name of *Clerk*, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted, by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us, again and again, that he should still be, at least, a *Clerk*, even though he should never become a *clergyman*. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

Among other objections, to the Scriptures, he started this one to my travelling companion, whose name I now learnt was *Maud* (*n.*), that it was said, in the Bible, that God was a *wine-bibber*, and a *drunkard*. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion, and maintained that it was utterly impossible that any such passage should be found in the Bible. Another Divine, a *Mr. Caern*, referred us to his absent brother, who had already been forty years in the church, and must certainly know

something of such a passage, if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

Waiter! fetch a Bible! called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table, among all the beer jugs.

Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the Book of Judges, 9th chapter, verse xiii, he read, "Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God "and man?"

Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when, all at once, the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, "Why, gentlemen! you must be sensible, "that is but an allegorical expression: and I "added, how often, in the Bible, are Kings called "Gods!"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is absurd to understand it in a literal sense. And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor *Clerk*, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. *Clerk*, however, had not yet exhausted his quiver; and so he desired them to explain to him a passage in the Prophecy of Isaiah, where it is said, in express terms, that *God is a barber*. Mr. Maud was so enraged at this, that he called

Clerk an impudent fellow; and Mr. *Caern* again still more earnestly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the church; and who, therefore, he doubted not, would also consider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any such abominable notions. Mr. Clerk, all this while, sat perfectly composed, without either a smile or a frown; but turning to a passage in Isaiah, chapter vii, v. 20, he read these words:—"In the same day, the Lord shall shave "with a razor—the head, and the hair of the "feet; and it shall also consume the beard." If Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern were before stunned and confounded, they were much more so now; and even Mr. Caern's brother, who had been forty years in the church, seemed to have left them in the lurch! for he was no longer referred to. I broke silence a second time and said: Why, gentlemen, this also is clearly metaphorical, and it is equally just, strong, and beautiful. "Aye, "to be sure it is," rejoined Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, both in a breath; at the same time, rapping the table with their knuckles. I went on, and said; you know it was the custom for those who were captives to have their beards shorn; the plain import, then, of this remarkable expression is nothing more, than that God would deliver the rebellious Jews to be prisoners to a foreign people, who would shave their beards! Ay to be sure it is; any body may see it is; why it is as

clear as the day! so it is, rejoined Mr. Caern; and my brother, who has been forty years in the church, explains it just as this gentleman does.

We had now gained a second victory over Mr. Clerk; who, being, perhaps, ashamed either of himself, or of us, now remained quiet; and made no further objections to the Bible. My health, however, was again *encored*, and drank in strong ale; which as my company seemed to like so much, I was sorry I could not like. It either intoxicated, or stupified me; and I do think it overpowers one much sooner than so much wine would. The conversation now turned on many other different subjects. At last when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed, d——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All-Soul's! *D——n me* is an abbreviation of G—d d——n me; which, in England, does not seem to mean more mischief, or harm, than any of our, or their, common expletives in conversation, such as *O gemini! or the Duce take me!* (*n.*)

Before Mr. Maud went away, he invited me to go and see him in the morning; and very politely offered himself to show me the curiosities of Oxford. The rest of the company now also dispersed; and as I had once (though in so singular a manner) been introduced into so reputable a society, the people of the house made no difficulty of giving me lodging, but, with great civility, showed me a very decent bed-chamber.

I am almost ashamed to own that, next morning, when I awoke, I had got so dreadful an headach, from the copious and numerous toasts of my jolly and reverend friends, that I could not possibly get up; still less could I wait on Mr. Maud at his College.

The inn where I was, goes by the name of *The Mitre*. Compared to Windsor, I there found Prince-like attendance. Being, perhaps, a little elevated, the preceding evening, I had, in the gaiety, or perhaps, in the vanity of my heart, told the waiter, that he must not think, because I came on foot, that therefore I should give him less than others gave. I assured him of the contrary. It was probably not a little owing to this assurance, that I had so much attention shewn to me.

I now determined to stay at least a couple of days at Oxford; it was necessary and proper, if for no other reason, yet merely that I might have clean linen. No people are so cleanly as the English; nor so particular about neat and clean linen. For, one afternoon, my shirt not having been lately changed, as I was walking through a little street, I heard two women, who were standing at a door, call after me, "look at the "gentleman there! A fine gentleman indeed; "who cannot afford even a clean shirt!"

I dined below with the family, and a few other persons; and the conversation, in general, was agreeable enough. I was obliged to tell them

many wonderful stories (for, who are so illiterate, or insensible, as not to be delighted with the marvellous!) concerning Germany, and the King of Prussia. They could not sufficiently admire my courage in determining to travel on foot, although they could not help approving of the motive. At length, however, it came out, and they candidly owned, that I should not have been received into their house, had I not been introduced as I was.

I was now confirmed in my suspicions, that, in England, any person undertaking so long a journey on foot, is sure to be looked upon, and considered as either a beggar, or a vagabond, or some necessitous wretch, which is a character not much more popular than that of a rogue; so that I could now easily account for my reception in Windsor, and at Nuneham. But, with all my partiality for this country, it is impossible, even in theory, and much less so in practice, to approve of a system which confines all the pleasures and benefits of travel to the rich. A poor peripatetic is hardly allowed even the humble merit of being honest.

As I still intended to pursue my journey to Derbyshire, I was advised (at least till I got further into the country) to take a place in a post-coach. They told me, that the further I got from London, the more reasonable and humble I should find the people; every thing would be cheaper; and every body more hospitable. This determined me to go, in the post-coach, from Oxford to Birming-

ham; where Mr. Pointer, of London, had recommended me to a Mr. Fothergill, a merchant there; and from thence to continue my journey on foot.

Monday I spent at Oxford, but rather unpleasantly, on account of my head-ach. Mr. Maud himself came to fetch me, as he had promised he would, but I found myself unable to go with him.

Notwithstanding this, in the afternoon, I took a little walk up an hill, which lies to the north of Oxford; and from the top of which I could see the whole city; which did not, however, appear to me nearly so beautiful and magnificent as Mr. Maud had described it to me during our last night's walk.

The Colleges are mostly in the gothic taste, and much overloaded with ornaments, and built with grey stone; which, perhaps, while it is new, looks pretty well, but it has now the most dingy, dirty, and disgusting appearance, that you can possibly imagine.

Only one of these Colleges is in the modern style. The houses of the city are in general ordinary, in some parts quite miserable; in some streets they are only one story high, and have shingled roofs. To me Oxford seemed to have but a dull and gloomy look; and I cannot but wonder how it ever came to be considered as so fine a city, and next to London.

I remained on the hill, on which there was a flight of steps that led to a subterraneous walk, till sun-set, and saw several students walking here, who wore their black gowns over their coloured cloaths, and flat square hats, just like those I had seen worn by the Eton scholars. This is the general dress of all those who belong to the Universities, with the exception of a very trifling difference, by which persons of high birth and rank are distinguished.

It is probably on account of these gowns, that the Members of the University are called *Gownsmen*, to distinguish them from the citizens who are called *Townsmen*, and when you want to mention all the inhabitants of Oxford together, you say, "the whole town, Gownsmen and Townsmen."

This dress, I must own, pleases me far beyond the boots, cockades, and other frippery, of many of our students. Nor am I less delighted with the better behaviour and conduct which, in general, does so much credit to the Students of Oxford.

The next morning Mr. Maud, according to his promise, showed me some of the things most worthy of notice in Oxford. And first he took me to his own room in his own College, which was on the ground floor, very low, and dark, and resembled a cell, at least as much as a place of study. The name of this College is *Corpus*

Christi. He next conducted me to *All Souls College*, a very elegant building, in which the chapel is particularly beautiful. Mr. Maud also shewed me, over the altar here, a fine painting of Mengs, at the sight of which, he shewed far more sensibility than I thought him possessed of. He said, that notwithstanding he saw that painting almost daily, he never saw it without being much affected.

This painting represented Mary Magdalen, when she first suddenly sees Jesus standing before her, and falls at his feet. And, in her countenance, pain, joy, grief, in short almost all the strongest of our passions, are expressed in so masterly a manner, that no man of true taste was ever tired of contemplating it; the longer it is looked at, the more it is admired. He now also shewed me the library of this College, which is provided with a gallery round the top; and the whole is most admirably regulated and arranged. Among other things, I here saw a description of Oxford, with plates to illustrate it: and I cannot help observing what, though trite, is true, that all these places look much better, and are far more beautiful on paper, than they appeared to me to be, as I looked at them, where they actually stand.

Afterwards Mr. Maud conducted me to the *Bodleian library*, which is not unworthy of being compared to the *Vatican* at Rome; and next to the building, which is called the *Theatre*, and

where the public orations are delivered. This is a circular building with a gallery all round it, which is furnished with benches one above the other, on which the Doctors, Masters of Arts, and Students sit, and directly opposite to each other are erected two chairs, or pulpits, from which the disputants harangue and contend.

Christ Church and *Queen's College* are the most modern, and, I think, indisputably the best built of all the Colleges. Baliol College seems particularly to be distinguished on account of its antiquity, and its complete gothic stile of building.

Mr. Maud told me that a good deal of money might be sometimes earned by preaching at Oxford; for all the Members of a certain standing are obliged, in their turn, to preach in the Church of the University; but many of them, when it comes to their turn, prefer the procuring a substitute; and so not unfrequently, pay as high as five or six guineas for a sermon.

Mr. Maud also told me he had been now eighteen years at this University, and might be made a Doctor, whenever he chose it; he was a Master of Arts, and according to his own account gave lectures in his College on the Classics. He also did the duty, and officiated as curate, occasionally, in some of the neighbouring villages. Going along the street, we met the English Poet Laureat, Warton, now rather an elderly man; and yet he is still the Fellow of a College. His

greatest pleasure, next to poetry, is, as Mr. Maud told me, shooting wild ducks.

Mr. Maud, seemed upon the whole, to be a most worthy and philanthropic man. He told me that where he now officiated, the clerk was dead, and had left a numerous family, in the greatest distress; and that he was going to the place, next day, on purpose to try if he could bring about the election of the son, a lad of about sixteen years of age, in the place of his deceased father, as clerk, to support a necessitous family.

At *The Mitre*, the inn where I lodged, there was hardly a minute, in which some students, or others, did not call, either to drink, or to amuse themselves in conversation with the daughter of the landlord, who is not only handsome, but sensible, and well-behaved.

They often spoke to me much in praise of a German, of the name of *Mitchel*, at least they pronounced it so, who had for many years rendered himself famous as a musician. I was rejoiced to hear one of my countrymen thus praised by the English; and wished to have paid him a visit, but I had not the good fortune to find him at home.

Castleton, June 30th.

BEFORE I tell you any thing of the place where I now am, I will proceed regularly in my narrative, and so begin now, where I left off in my last letter. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Maud took me to the different walks about Oxford, and often remarked, that they were not only the finest in England, but, he believed, in Europe. I own, I do not think, he over rated their merit. There is one, in particular near the river, and close to some charming meadows, behind *Corpus Christi* College, which may fairly challenge the world.

We here seated ourselves on a bench, and Mr. Maud drew a review from his pocket, where, among other things, a German book of Professor Beckman's was reviewed, and applauded. Mr. Maud seemed, on this occasion, to show some respect for German literature. At length we parted. He went to fill up the vacancy of the clerk's place at Dorchester, and I to the Mitre, to prepare for my departure from Oxford; which took place on Wednesday morning at three o'clock, in the post-coach. Considering the pleasing, if not kind, attention shewn me here, I own, I thought my bill not unreasonable; though to be sure, it made a great hole in my little purse.

Within this coach there was another young

man; who, though dressed in black, yet to judge from the cockade in his hat might be an officer. The outside was quite full, with soldiers and their wives. The women of the lower class here, wear a kind of short cloak made of red cloth; but women in general, from the highest to the lowest, wear hats, which differ from each other less in fashion, than they do in fineness.

Fashion is so generally attended to among the English women, that the poorest maid servant, is careful to be in the fashion. They seem to be particularly so, in their hats, or bonnets, which they all wear: and they are in my opinion far more becoming than the very unsightly hoods and caps which our German women, of the rank of citizens, wear. There is, through all ranks here, not near so great a distinction between high and low, as there is in Germany.

I had, during this day, a little head ach; which rendered me more silent and reserved to my company, than is either usual in England, or natural to me. The English are taxed, perhaps too hastily, with being shy and distant to strangers. I do not think this was, even formerly, their true character; or that any such sentiment is conveyed in Virgil's "*Hospitibus feros.*" Be this as it may, the case was here reversed. The Englishman here spoke to me several times in a very friendly manner, while I testified not the least inclination to enter into conversation with him.

He however owned afterwards, that it was this very apparent reserve of mine, that first gained me his good opinion.

He said, he had studied physic, but with no immediate view of practising it. His intention, he said, was to go to the East Indies; and there, first, to try his fortune as an officer. And he was now going to Birmingham, merely to take leave of his three sisters, whom he much loved, and who were at school there.

I endeavoured to merit his confidence by telling him, in my turn, of my Journey on foot through England; and by relating to him a few of the most remarkable of my adventures; he frankly told me, he thought, it was venturing a great deal; yet he applauded the design of my journey; and did not severely censure my plan. On my asking him, why Englishmen, who were so remarkable for acting up to their own notions and ideas, did not, now and then, merely to see life in every point of view, travel on foot: O, said he, we are too rich, too lazy, and too proud.

And, most true it is, that the poorest Englishman one sees, is prouder and better pleased to expose himself to the danger of having his neck broken, on the outside of a stage, than to walk any considerable distance, though he might walk ever so much at his ease. I own, I was frightened and distressed, when I saw the women, when we occasionally stopped, get down from the top of

the coach. One of them was actually once in much danger of a terrible fall from the roof, because, just as she was going to alight, the horses all at once unexpectedly went on. From Oxford to Birmingham is sixty two miles: But all that was to be seen between the two places was entirely lost to me, for I was again mewed up in a post-coach, and driven along with such velocity from one place to another, that I seemed to myself as doing nothing less than travelling.

My companion however made me amends, in some measure, for this loss. He seemed to be an exceedingly good tempered and intelligent man; and I felt, in this short time, a prepossession in his favor, one does not easily form for an ordinary person. This, I flattered myself was also the case with him; and it would mortify me not a little to think he had quite forgotten me, as I am sure I shall never forget him.

Just as we had been some time eagerly conversing about Shakespeare, we arrived, without either of us having thought of it, at Stratford upon Avon, Shakespeare's birth place, where our coach stopped; that being the end of one stage. We were still two and twenty miles from Birmingham; and ninety four from London. I need not tell you, what our feelings were, on thus setting our feet on classic ground.

It was here that, perhaps, the greatest genius nature ever produced, was born. Here he first

lisp'd his native tongue; here first conceived the embrios of those compositions which were afterwards to charm a listening world; and on these plains the young *Hercules* first played. And here too, in this lowly hut, with a few friends, he happily spent the decline of his life, after having retired from the great theatre of that busy world, whose manners he had so faithfully pourtrayed.

The River Avon is here pretty broad; and a row of neat, though humble, cottages, only one story high, with shingled roofs, are ranged all along its banks. These houses impressed me strongly with the idea of patriarchal simplicity and content.

We went to see Shakespeare's own house; which, of all the houses at Stratford, I think is now the worst; and one that made the least appearance. Yet, who would not be proud to be the owner of it? There now however lived in it only two old people, who shew it to strangers for a trifle; and what little they earn thus, is their chief income.

Shakespeare's chair, in which he used to sit before the door, was so cut to pieces that it hardly looked like a chair; for every one that travels through Stratford, cuts off a chip, as a remembrance which he carefully preserves, and deems a precious relique. I also cut myself a piece of it; but, reverencing Shakespeare as I do, I am almost ashamed to own to you, it was so small

that I have lost it; and therefore you will not see it on my return.

As we travelled, I observed every spot with attention, fancying to myself, that such or such a spot might be the place where such a genius as Shakespeare's first dawned, and received those first impressions from surrounding nature, which are so strongly marked in all his works. The first impressions of childhood, I knew, were strong, and permanent: of course, I made sure of seeing, here, some images at least of the wonderful conceptions of this wonderful man. But my imagination misled me, and I was disappointed; for I saw nothing in the country thereabouts, at all striking, or, in any respect, particularly beautiful. It was not at all wild and romantic; but rather distinguished for an air of neatness and simplicity (*n.*).

We arrived at Birmingham about three o'clock in the afternoon. I had already paid sixteen shillings at Stratford, for my place in the coach from Oxford to Birmingham. At Oxford, they had not asked any thing of me: and indeed you are not obliged in general, in England, as you are in Germany, to pay your passage before hand.

My companion and myself alighted at the inn where the coach stopped. We parted with some reluctance, and I was obliged to promise him, that, on my return to London, I would certainly call on him: for which purpose he gave me his

address. His father was Dr. Wilson; a celebrated author in his particular stile of writing.

I now enquired for the house of Mr. Fothergill, to whom I was recommended, and I was readily directed to it; but had the misfortune to learn, at the same time, that this very Mr. Fothergill had died about eight days before. As, therefore, under these circumstances my recommendation to him was likely to be of but little use, I had the less desire to tarry long at Birmingham: And so, without staying a minute longer, I immediately enquired the road to Derby; and left Birmingham. Of this famous manufacturing town, therefore, I can give you no account.

The road from Birmingham onwards is not very agreeable; being, in general, uncommonly sandy. Yet, the same evening, I reached a little place called *Sutton*, where every thing however appeared to be too grand for me to hope to obtain lodgings in it: till, quite at the end of it, I came to a small inn, with the sign of *the Swan*, under which was writted *Aulton, Brick-maker.*

This seemed to have something in it that suited me, and therefore I boldly went into it: and when in, I did not immediately, as heretofore, enquire if I could stay all night there, but asked for a pint of ale. I own, I felt myself disheartened, by their calling me nothing but *Master*; and by their shewing me into the kitchen, where the landlady was sitting at a table, and complaining much of

the tooth-ach. The compassion I expressed for her on this account, as a stranger, seemed soon to recommend me to her favour; and she herself asked me, if I would not stay the night there? To this I most readily assented; and thus, I was again happy in a lodging for another night.

The company I here met with, consisted of a female chimney-sweeper and her children; who, on my sitting down in the kitchen, soon drank to my health, and began a conversation with me and the landlady.

She related to us her history; which, I am not ashamed to own, I thought not uninteresting. She had married early, but had the hard luck to be soon deprived of her husband, by his being pressed as a soldier. She neither saw, nor heard of him for many years; and so concluded he was dead. Thus destitute, she lived seven years as a servant in Ireland, without any one's knowing that she was married. During this time her husband, who was a chimney-sweeper, came back to England, and settled at Litchfield, resumed his old trade and did well in it. As soon as he was in good circumstances he every where made enquiry for his wife, and at last found out where she was, and immediately fetched her from Ireland. There surely is something pleasing in this constancy of affection in a chimney-sweeper. She told us, with tears in her eyes, in what a stile of grandeur he had conducted her into Litchfield; and how, in

honour to her, he made a splendid feast on the occasion. At this same Litchfield, which is only two miles from Sutton, and through which she said the road lay, which I was to travel to-morrow, she still lived with this same excellent husband; where they were noted for their industry; where every body respected them, and where, though in the lowest sphere, they are passing through life, neither uselessly, nor unhappily.

The landlady, during her absence, told me, as in confidence, that this chimney-sweeper's husband, as meanly as I might fancy she now appeared, was worth a thousand pounds; and that, without reckoning in their plate and furniture: that he always wore his silver watch; and that when he passed through Sutton, and lodged there, he paid like a nobleman.

She further remarked, that the wife was indeed rather low-lived; but that the husband was one of the best-behaved, politest and civilest men in the world. I had, myself, taken notice, that this same dingy companion of mine had something singularly coarse and vulgar, in her pronunciation. The word *old*, for example, she sounded like *auld*. In other respects, I had not yet remarked any striking variety or difference from the pronunciation of Oxford, or London.

To-morrow the chimney-sweeper, said she, her husband, would not be at home, but if I came back by the way of Litchfield, she would take the

liberty to request the honour of a visit; and to this end, she told me her name, and the place of her abode.

At night the rest of the family, a son and daughter of the landlady, came home; and paid all possible attention to their sick mother. I supped with the family; and they here behaved to me, as if we had already lived many years together.

Happening to mention, that I was, if not a scholar, yet a student, the son told me, there was at Sutton a celebrated Grammar School, where the school-master received two hundred pounds a year settled salary, besides the income arising from the scholars. And this was only in a village. I thought, and not without some shame and sorrow, of our Grammar Schools in Germany; and the miserable pay of the masters.

When I paid my reckoning the next morning, I observed the uncommon difference here and at Windsor, Nettlebed, and Oxford. At Oxford I was obliged to pay for my supper, bed and breakfast, at least three shillings, and one to the waiter. I here paid for my supper, bed and breakfast, only one shilling, and to the daughter, whom I was to consider as chambermaid, four-pence; for which she very civilly thanked me, and gave me a written recommendation to an Inn at Litchfield, where I should be well lodged, as the people in Litchfield were, in general, she said, very proud. This written recommendation was a

master-piece of orthography, and shewed that, in England, as well as elsewhere, there are people who write entirely from the ear, and as they pronounce. In English, however, it seems to look particularly odd: but perhaps, that may be the case in all languages that are not native.

I took leave here as one does of good friends, with a certain promise, that on my return I would certainly call on them again.

At noon I got to Litchfield: an old fashioned town, with narrow dirty streets, where, for the first time, I saw round panes of glass in the windows. The place, to me, wore an unfriendly appearance; I therefore made no use of my recommendation, but went straight through, and only bought some bread at a baker's, which I took along with me.

At night I reached Burton, where the famous Burton Ale is brewed. By this time, I felt myself pretty well tired; and therefore proposed to stay the night here. But my courage failed me, and I dropped the resolution immediately on my entering the town. The houses, and every thing else seemed to wear as grand an appearance, almost, as if I had been still in London. And yet the manners of some of its inhabitants were so thoroughly rustic, and rude, that I saw them actually pointing at me with their fingers, as a foreigner. And now, to compleat my chagrin and mortification, I came to a long street, where

every body, on both sides of the way, were at their doors, and actually made me run the gauntlet through their inquiring looks. Some even hissed at me, as I passed along. All my arguments, to induce me to pluck up my courage, such as the certainty that I should never see these people again, nor they me, were of no use: Burton became odious and almost insupportable to me; and the street appeared as long, and tired me as much, as if I had walked a mile. This strongly marked contemptuous treatment of a stranger, who was travelling through their country, merely from the respect he bore it, I experienced no where but at Burton.

How happy did I feel when I again found myself out of their town; although at that moment I did not know where I should find a lodging for the night, and was, besides, excessively tired. But I pursued my journey and still kept in the road to Derby along a foot path which I knew to be right. It led across a very pleasant mead, the hedges of which were separated by stiles, over which I was often obliged to clamber. When I had walked some distance, without meeting with an inn on the road, and it already began to be dark, I at last sat me down, near a small *toll-house*, or a turnpike-gate, in order to rest myself, and also to see whether the man at the turnpike could and would lodge me.

After I had sat here a considerable time, a

farmer came riding by, and asked me where I wanted to go? I told him I was so tired that I could go no farther. On this the good natur'd, and truly hospitable man, of his own accord, and without the least distrust, offered to take me behind him on his horse, and carry me to a neighbouring inn, where, he said, I might stay all night.

The horse was a tall one, and I could not easily get up. The turnpikeman, who appeared to be quite decrepid and infirm, on this came out. I took it for granted, however, that he who appeared to have hardly sufficient strength to support himself, could not help me. This poor looking, feeble, old man, however, took hold of me with one arm, and lifted me with a single jirk upon the horse, so quick and so alertly, that it quite astonished me.

And now I trotted on with my charming farmer, who did not ask me one single impertinent question, but set me down quietly at the inn, and immediately rode away to his own village, which lay to the left.

This inn was called *the bear*; and not improperly: for the landlord went about, and growled at his people just like a bear, so that at first I expected no favourable reception. I endeavoured to gentle him a little by asking for a mug of ale, and once or twice drinking to him. This succeeded; he soon became so very civil and

conversable, that I began to think him quite a pleasant fellow. This device I had learnt of the Vicar of Wakefield, who always made his hosts affable, by inviting them to drink with him. It was an expedient that suited me also in another point of view, as the strong ale of England did not at all agree with me.

This innkeeper called me, *Sir*; and he made his people lay a separate table for himself, and me; for, he said, he could see plainly I was a gentleman.

In our chat, we talked much of George the second, who appeared to be his favourite king; much more so than George the third. And among other things, we talked of the battle at Dettingen, of which he knew many particulars. I was obliged also, in my turn, to tell him stories of our Great King of Prussia, and his numerous armies; and also what sheep sold for in Prussia. After we had thus been talking for some time chiefly on political matters, he all at once asked me, if I could blow the French-horn? This he supposed I could do, only because I came from Germany; for, he said, he remembered, when he was a boy, a German had once stopped at this inn, with his parents, who blew the French-horn extremely well. He therefore fancied this was a talent peculiar to the Germans.

I removed this error, and we resumed our political topics; while his children, and servants,

at some distance, listened with great respect to our conversation.

Thus I again spent a very agreeable evening; and when I had breakfasted in the morning, my bill was not more than it had been at Sutton. I at length reached the common before Derby, on Friday morning. The air was mild, and I seemed to feel myself uncommonly cheerful and happy. About noon the romantic part of the country began to open upon me. I came to a lofty eminence, where, all at once, I saw a boundless prospect of hills before me; behind which, fresh hills seemed always to arise, and to be infinite.

The ground now seemed undulatory, and to rise and fall like waves: when at the summit of the rise, I seemed to be first raised aloft, and had an extensive view all around me; and the next moment, when I went down the hill, I lost it.

In the afternoon I saw Derby in the vale before me; and I was now an hundred and twenty six miles from London. Derby is but a small, and not very considerable, town. It was market day when I got there; and I was obliged to pass through a crowd of people; but there was here no such odious curiosity, nor offensive staring, as at Burton. Hereabouts too, I took notice, that I began to be always civilly bowed to by the children of the villages through which I passed.

From Derby, to the baths at Matlock, which is one of the most romantic situations, it was still

fifteen miles. On my way thither, I came to a long and extensive village, which I believe was called *Duffield*. They here at least did not shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; and I dined on cold victuals.

The prints and pictures, which I have generally seen at these inns, are, I think, almost always prints of the royal family, oftentimes in a group, where the king, as the father of the family, assembles his children around him; or else I have found a Map of London, and not seldom a portrait of the king of Prussia; I have met with it several times. You also sometimes see some of the droll prints of Hogarth. The heat being now very great, I several times in this village heard the commiserating exclamation, of "good God "Almighty!" By which the people expressed their pity for me, as being a poor foot passenger.

At night I again stopped at an inn, on the road, about five miles from Matlock. I could easily have reached Matlock, but I wished rather to reserve the first view of the country, till the next day; than to get there when it was dark.

But I was not equally fortunate in this inn, as in the two former. The kitchen was full of farmers, among whom, I could not distinguish the landlord, whose health I should otherwise immediately have drank. It is true I heard a country girl, who was also in the kitchen, as often as she drank, say, "your health, gentlemen

"all!" But I do not know how it was, I forgot to drink any one's health; which I afterwards found, was taken much a-miss. The landlord drank twice to my health, sneeringly, as if to reprimand me for my incivility; and then began to join the rest in ridiculing me; who almost pointed at me with their fingers. I was thus obliged for a time, to serve the farmers as a laughing stock, till at length one of them compassionately said, "nay, nay, we must do him no harm, "for he is a stranger." The landlord, I suppose, to excuse himself, and as if he thought he had perhaps before gone too far, said, "ay, God for-"bid, we should hurt any stranger," and ceased his ridicule: but when I was going to drink to his health, he slighted and refused my attention, and told me with a sneer, all I had to do, was to seat myself in the chimney corner, and not trouble myself about the rest of the world. The landlady seemed to pity me; and so she led me into another room where I could be alone, saying: "what wicked people!"

I left this unfriendly roof early the next morning; and now quickly proceeded to Matlock.

The extent of my journey I had now resolved should be the great Cavern near Castleton, in the high Peake of Derbyshire. It was about twenty miles beyond Matlock.

The country here had quite a different appearance, from that at Windsor and Richmond. In-

stead of green meadows and pleasant hills, I now saw barren mountains and lofty rocks; instead of fine living hedges, the fields, and pasture lands, here, were fenced with a wall of grey stone; and of this very same stone, which is here every where to be found in plenty, all the houses are built, in a very uniform and patriarchal manner, inasmuch as the rough stones are almost without any preparation, placed one upon another, and compose four walls; so that in case of necessity, a man might here, without much trouble, build himself an house. At Derby the houses seemed to be built of the same stone.

The situation of Matlock itself surpassed every idea I had formed of it. On the right were some elegant houses for the bathing company; and lesser cottages suspended like bird's nests in an high rock. To the left, deep in the bottom, there was a fine, bold river, which was almost hid from the eye, by a majestic arch, formed by high trees, which hung over it. A prodigious stone wall extended itself above a mile along its border; and all along, there is a singularly romantic and beautiful, secret walk, sheltered and adorned by many beautiful shrubs (*n.*).

The steep rock was covered at the top with green bushes; and now and then a sheep, or a cow, separated from the grazing flock, came to the edge of the precipice, and peeped over it.

I had got in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, which I

am reading regularly through, just to the part where he describes Paradise, when I arrived here; and the following passage, which I read at the brink of the river, had a most striking and pleasing effect on me. The landscape here described, was as exactly similar to that I saw before me, as if the poet had taken it from hence:

"————————delicious Paradise,
"Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
"As with a rural mound, the champain head
"Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
"With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
"Access denied."————*Book* IV. V. 132.

From Matlock baths, you go over Matlock bridge, to the little town of Matlock itself, which, in reality, scarcely deserves the name of a village, as it consists of but a few and miserable houses. There is here, on account of the baths, a number of horses and carriages, and a great thoroughfare. From hence I came through some villages to a small town of the name of Bakewell. The whole country in this part is hilly and romantic. Often my way led me by small passes, over astonishing eminences, where, in the deep below me, I saw a few huts or cottages lying. The fencing of the fields with grey stone, gave to the whole, a wild, and not very promising, appearance. The hills were in general not wooded, but naked and barren; and you saw the flocks at a distance grazing on their summit.

As I was coming through one of the villages, I heard a great farmer's boy eagerly ask another, if he did not think I was a Frenchman. It seemed as if he had been waiting sometime, to see the wonder; for, he spoke as though his wish was now accomplished.

When I was past Bakewell, a place far inferior to Derby, I came by the side of a broad river, to a small eminence, where a fine cultivated field lay before me. This field, all at once, made an indescribable and very pleasing impression on me, which, at first, I could not account for; till I recollected having seen, in my childhood, near the village where I was educated, a situation strikingly similar to that now before me, here in England.

This field, as if it had been in Germany, was not enclosed with hedges; but every spot in it was uninterruptedly diversified, with all kinds of crops and growths of different green and yellowish colours, which gave the whole a most pleasing effect: but besides this large field, the general view of the country, and a thousand other little circumstances, which I cannot now particularly enumerate, served to bring back to my recollection the years of my youth.

Here I rested myself a-while; and when I was going on again, I thought on the place of my residence; on all my acquaintances, and not a little on you, my dearest friend, and imagined what you would think and say, if you were to see

your friend thus wandering here all alone, totally unknown, and in a foreign land—And at that moment I first seriously felt the idea of distance; and the thought that I was now in England, so very far from all I loved, or who loved me, produced in me such sensations, as I have not often felt.

It was perhaps the same with you, my dearest friend, when on our journey to Hambro', we drove from Perlsbeg, to your birth-place, the village of Boberow; where, among the farmers, you again found your old playmates; one of whom was now become the bailiff of the place. On your asking them, whether they knew you, one and all of them answered so heartily, "O, yes, yes,— "why, you are Master Frederick." The pedantic schoolmaster, you will remember, was not so frank. He expressed himself in the stiff town phrase of, "he had not the honour of knowing "you; as during your residence in that village, "when a child, he had not been *in loco*."

I now came through a little place of the name of Ashford, and wished to reach the small village of Wardlow, which was only three miles distant; when two men came after me, at a distance, whom I had already seen at Matlock, who called to me to wait for them. These were the only foot passengers, since Mr. Maud, who had offered to walk with me.

The one was a saddler, and wore a short brown

jacket, and an apron, with a round hat. The other was very decently drest, but a very silent man; whereas the saddler, was quite talkative.

I listened with astonishment, when I heard him begin to speak of Homer, of Horace and of Virgil; and still more when he quoted several passages, by memory, from each of these authors; pronouncing the words, and laying his emphasis, with as much propriety as I could possibly have expected, had he been educated at Cambridge (*n*), or at Oxford. He advised me not to go to Wardlow, where I should find bad accommodations, but rather a few miles farther to *Tideswell*, where he lived. This name is, by a singular abbreviation, pronounced *Tidsel*, the same as *Birmingham*, is called by the common people *Brummidgeham*.

We halted at a small ale house on the roadside, where the saddler stopped to drink, and talk; and from whence he was in no haste to depart. He had the generosity and honour, however, to pay my share of the reckoning, because, as he said, he had brought me hither.

At no great distance from the house, we came to a rising ground, where my philosophical saddler made me observe a prospect, which was perhaps the only one of the kind, in England. Below us was an hollow, not unlike an huge kettle, hollowed out of the surrounding mass of earth; and at the bottom of it, a little valley, where the green meadow was divided, by a small rivulet that ran

in serpentine windings, its banks graced with the most inviting walks; behind a small winding, there is just seen an house where one of the most distinguished inhabitants of this happy vale, a great philosopher, lives retired, dedicating almost all his time to his favourite studies. He has transplanted a number of foreign plants into his grounds. My guide fell into almost a poetic rapture, as he pointed out to me the beauties of this vale, while our third companion, who grew tired, became impatient at our tediousness.

We were now led by a steep road to the vale, through which we passed; and then ascended again among the hills on the other side.

Not far from *Tideswell*, our third companion left us, as he lived in a neighbouring place. As we now at length saw *Tideswell* lying before us in the vale, the saddler began to give me an account of his family; adding, by way of episode, that he never quarrelled with his wife; nor had ever once threatened her with his fist, much less, ever lifted it against her. For his own sake, he said, he never called her names; nor gave her the lie. I must here observe, that it is the greatest offence you can give any one in England, to say to him, *you lie*. To be called *a liar*, is a still greater affront; and, *you are a damned liar*, is the very acme of vulgar abuse.

Just as in Germany, no one will bear the name of a *scoundrel*, or *knave*; or as in all quarrels,

the bestowing such epithets on our adversary is the signal for fighting; so the term of *a liar* in England, is the most offensive, and is always resented by blows. A man would never forgive himself, nor be forgiven, who could bear to be called *a liar*.

Our *Jacky* in London once looked at me with astonishment, on my happening to say to him in joke, *you are a liar*. I assure you I had much to do, before I could pacify him.

If one may form a judgement of the character of a whole nation, from such little circumstances as this, I must say this rooted hatred of the word *liar*, appears to me to be no bad trait in the English.

But to return to my travelling companion, who further told me, that he was obliged to earn his livelihood, at some distance from home; and that he was now returning for the first time, for these two months, to his family.

He shewed me a row of trees near the town, which he said his father had planted, and which therefore he never could look at but with emotion, though he passed them often, as he went backwards and forwards, on his little journeys, to and from his birth place. His father, he added, had once been a rich man; but had expended all his fortune to support one son. Unfortunately for himself, as well as his family, his father had gone to America, and left the rest of his children poor (*n.*);

notwithstanding which, his memory was still dear to him, and he was always affected by the sight of these trees.

Tideswell consists of two rows of low houses, built of rough grey stone. My guide, immediately on our entrance into the place, bade me take notice of the church, which was very handsome; and notwithstanding its age, had still some pretensions to be considered as an edifice built in the modern taste.

He now asked me, whether he should shew me to a great inn, or to a cheap one. And as I preferred the latter, he went with me himself to a small public house, and very particularly recommended me to their care, as his fellow traveller, and a clever man, not without learning (*n.*).

The people here also endeavoured to accommodate me most magnificently, and for this purpose gave me some toasted cheese, which was Cheshire cheese, roasted and half melted at the fire. This, in England, it seems, is reckoned good eating, but unfortunately for me, I could not touch a bit of it. I therefore invited my landlord to partake of it, and he indeed, seemed to feast on it. As I neither drank brandy, nor ale, he told me I lived far too sparingly for a foot traveller; he wondered how I had strength to walk so well, and so far.

I avail myself of this opportunity to observe that the English innkeepers are in general great

ale drinkers; and for this reason most of them are gross and corpulent: in particular they are plump and rosy in their faces. I once heard it said of one of them, that the extravasated claret in his phiz, might well remind one, as Falstaff says of Bardolph, of hell-fire (*n.*).

The next morning my landlady did me the honour to drink coffee with me, but helped me, very sparingly, to milk and sugar. It was Sunday, and I went with my landlord to a barber, on whose shop was written "shaving for a penny." There were a great many inhabitants assembled there, who took me for a gentleman, on account, I suppose, of my hat; which I had bought in London for a guinea, and which they all admired. I considered this as a proof, that pomp and finery had not yet become general thus far from London.

You frequently find in England, at many of the houses of the common people, printed papers, with sundry apt and good moral maxims and rules, fastened against the room door; just as we find them in Germany. On such wretched paper, some of the most delightful and the finest sentiments may be read; such as would do honour to any writer of any country.

For instance, I read, among other things, this golden rule, on such an ordinary printed paper stuck against a room door, "Make no compari-"sons!" And if you consider how many quarrels, and how much mischief arise in the world, from

odious comparisons of the merits of one, with the merits of another, the most delightful lessons of morality are contained in the few words of the above mentioned rule.

A man, to whom I gave sixpence, conducted me out of the town to the road leading to Castleton, which was close to a wall of stones, confusedly heaped one upon another, as I have before described. The whole country was hilly and rough, and the ground covered with brown heath. Here, and there, some sheep were feeding.

I made a little digression to an hill to the left, where I had a prospect, awfully beautiful, composed, almost entirely, of naked rocks, far and near; among which, those that were entirely covered with black heath, made a most tremendous appearance.

I was now an hundred and seventy miles from London, when I ascended one of the highest hills, and all at once perceived a beautiful vale below me, which was traversed by rivers and brooks, and enclosed on all sides by hills. In this vale lay Castleton, a small town, with low houses, which takes its name from an old Castle, whose ruins are still to be seen here.

A narrow path, which wound itself down the side of the rock, led me through the vale into the street of Castleton, where I soon found an inn; and also soon dined. After dinner, I made the best of my way to the Cavern.

A little rivulet, which runs through the middle of the town, led me to its entrance.

I stood here a few moments, full of wonder, and astonishment, at the amazing height, of the steep rock, before me, covered on each side with ivy and other shrubs. At its summit are the decayed walls and towers of an ancient castle which formerly stood on this rock; and at its foot, the monstrous aperture, or mouth, to the entrance of the Cavern, where it is pitch dark, when one looks down, even at mid-day.

As I was standing here full of admiration, I perceived, at the entrance of the cavern, a man of a rude and rough appearance, who asked me if I wished to see the Peak (*n.*); and the echo strongly reverberated his coarse voice.

Answering, as I did, in the affirmative, he next further asked me, if I should want to be carried to the other side of the stream, telling me, at the same time, what the sum would be, which I must pay for it.

This man had, along with his black stringy hair, and his dirty and tattered cloaths, such a singularly wild and infernal look, that he actually struck me as a real Charon; his voice and the questions he asked me, were not of a kind to remove this notion; so, that, far from its requiring any effort of imagination, I found it not easy to avoid believing, that, at length, I had actually reached

Avernus, was about to cross Acheron, and to be ferried by Charon (*n.*).

I had no sooner agreed to his demand, than he told me, all I had to do, was boldly to follow him; and thus we entered the Cavern.

To the left, in the entrance of the Cavern, lay the trunk of a tree, that had been cut down, on which several of the boys of the town were playing.

Our way seemed to be altogether on a descent, tho' not steep; so that the light, which came in at the mouth of the Cavern, near the entrance, gradually forsook us; and when we had gone forward a few steps farther, I was astonished by a sight, which of all others, I here the least expected: I perceived to the right, in the hollow of the Cavern, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, on account of its being Sunday, were resting from their work; and with happy and chearful looks, were sitting at the doors of their huts, along with their children.

We had scarcely passed these small subterranean houses, when I perceived a number of large wheels, on which, on week days, these human moles, the inhabitants of the Cavern, make ropes.

I fancied I here saw the wheel of Ixion, and the incessant labour of the Danaides.

The opening through which the light came, seemed, as we descended, every moment to become less and less, and the darkness at every step to encrease, till at length only a few rays

appeared, as if darting through a crevice, and just tinging the small clouds of smoke, which, at dusk, raised themselves to the mouth of the Cavern.

This gradual growth, or encrease of darkness, awakens in a contemplative mind, a soft melancholy. As you go down the gentle descent of the Cavern, you can hardly help fancying, the moment is come, when, without pain or grief, the thread of life is about to be snapped; and that you are now going thus quietly to that land of peace, where trouble is no more.

At length the great Cavern in the rock closed itself, in the same manner as heaven and earth seem to join each other, when we came to a little door, where an old woman came out of one of the huts, and brought two candles, of which we each took one.

My guide now opened the door, which compleatly shut out the faint glimmering of light, which, till then, it was still possible to perceive, and led us to the inmost centre of this dreary temple of old Chaos (*n.*), and Night, as if, till now, we had only been traversing the outer Courts. The rock was here so low, that we were obliged to stoop very much for some few steps, in order to get through; but how great was my astonishment when we had passed this narrow passage and again stood upright, at once to perceive, as well as the feeble light of our candles would permit, the amazing length, breadth, and height of the

Cavern; compared to which, the monstrous opening through which we had already passed, was nothing.

After we had wandered here more than an hour, as beneath a dark and dusky sky, on a level sandy soil, the rock gradually lowered itself, and we suddenly found ourselves on the edge of a broad river, which, from the glimmering of our candles amid the total darkness, suggested sundry interesting reflections (*n.*). To the side of this river, a small boat was moor'd, with some straw in its bottom. Into this boat, my guide desired me to step, and lay myself down in it quite flat; because, as he said, towards the middle of the river, the rock would almost touch the water.

When I had laid myself down, as directed, he himself jumped into the water, and drew the boat after him.

All around us, was one still, solemn, and deadly silence; and as the boat advanced, the rock seemed to stoop, and come nearer and nearer to us, till at length it nearly touched my face; and as I lay I could hardly hold the candle upright. I seemed to myself to be in a coffin, rather than in a boat, as I had no room to stir hand or foot, till we had passed this frightful strait, and the rock rose again on the other side; where my guide once more handed me a shore.

The Cavern was now become, all at once broad and high; and then, suddenly, it was again low and narrow.

I observed on both sides, as we passed along, a prodigious number of great, and small petrified plants, and animals, which however we could not examine, unless we had been disposed to spend some days in the Cavern.

And thus we arrived at the opposite side, at the second river or stream, which however was not so broad as the first; as one may see across it, to the other side: across this stream my guide carried me on his shoulders, because there was here no boat to carry us over.

From thence we only went a few steps farther, when we came to a very small piece of water, which extended itself length-ways; and led us to the end of the Cavern.

The path, along the edge of this water, was wet and slippery, and sometimes so very narrow, that one can hardly set one foot before the other.

Notwithstanding, I wandered with pleasure on this subterranean shore; and was regaling myself with the interesting contemplation of all these various wonderful objects, in this land of darkness, and shadow of Death; when, all at once something like music at a distance, sounded in mine ears.

I instantly stopped, full of astonishment; and eagerly asked my guide, what this might mean? He answered, only, have patience, and you shall soon see.

But as we advanced, the sounds of harmony

seemed to die away; the noise became weaker and weaker; and at length, it seemed to sink into a gentle hissing, or hum, like distant drops of falling rain.

And how great was my amazement, when ere long I actually saw and felt a violent shower of rain falling from the rock, as from a thick cloud; whose drops, which now fell on our candles, had caused that same melancholy sound (*n.*), which I had heard at a distance.

This was what is here called a *mizzling rain* (*n.*); which fell from the ceiling or roof of the Cavern, through the veins of the rock.

We did not dare to approach too near with our candles, as they might easily have been extinguished by the falling drops; and so we perhaps have been forced to seek our way back in vain.

We continued our march therefore along the side of the water, and often saw on the sides large apertures in the rock; which seemed to be new or subordinate Caverns; all which we passed without looking into. At length my guide prepared me for one of the finest sights we had yet seen, which we should now soon behold.

And we had hardly gone on a few paces, when we entered what might easily be taken for a Majestic Temple, with lofty arches, supported by beautiful pillars; formed by the plastic hand of some ingenious artist.

This subterranean Temple, in the structure of

which no human hand had borne a part, appeared to me at that moment to surpass all the most stupendous buildings in the world, in point of regularity, magnificence and beauty.

Full of admiration and reverence, here even in the inmost recesses of Nature, I saw the Majesty of the Creator displayed; and before I quitted this Temple, here in this solemn silence, and holy gloom, I thought it would be a becoming act of true religion to adore, as I cordially did, the God of Nature (*n.*).

We now drew near the end of our journey. Our faithful companion, the water, guided us through the remainder of the Cavern, where the rock is arched for the last time, and then sinks till it touches the water which here forms a semicircle, and thus the Cavern closes; so that no mortal can go one step farther.

My guide here again jumped into the water, swam a little way under the rock; and then came back, quite wet, to shew me, that it was impossible to go any further, unless this rock could be blown up with powder, and a second Cavern opened. I now thought, all we had to do, was to return the nearest way; but there were new difficulties still to encounter, and new scenes to behold, still more beautiful than any I had yet seen.

My guide now turned and went back towards the left, where I followed him through a large opening in the rock.

And here he first asked me if I could determine to creep a considerable distance through the rock, where it nearly touched the ground? Having consented to do so, he told me I had only to follow him; warning me, at the same time, to take great care of my candle.

Thus we crept on our hands and feet, on the wet and muddy ground, through the opening in the rock, which was often scarcely large enough for us to get through with our bodies.

When, at length, we had got through this troublesome passage, I saw, in the Cavern, a steep hill, which was so high, that it seemed to lose itself as in a cloud, in the summit of the rock.

This hill was so wet and slippery, that, as soon as I attempted to ascend, I fell down. My guide however took hold of my hand, and told me, I had only resolutely, to follow him.

We now ascended such an amazing height, and there were such precipices on each side, that it makes me giddy even now, when I think of it.

When we at length had gained the summit, where the hill seemed to lose itself in the rock, my guide placed me where I could stand firm; and told me to stay there quietly. In the mean time he himself went down the hill with his candle, and left me alone.

I lost sight of him for some moments: but at length I perceived not him indeed, but his candle,

quite in the bottom, from whence it seemed to shine like a bright and twinkling star.

After I had enjoyed this indescribably beautiful sight for sometime, my guide came back, and carried me safely, down the hill again, on his shoulders. And as I now stood below, he went up and let his candle shine again through an opening of the rock, while I covered mine with my hand; and it was now as if on a dark night a bright Star shone down upon me: a sight which, in point of beauty, far surpassed all that I had ever seen.

Our journey was now ended and we returned not without trouble and difficulty, through the narrow passage. We again entered the Temple we had a short time before left; again heard the pattering of the rain, which sounded as rain, when we were near it, but which, at a distance, seemed a sonorous, dull, and melancholy hum (*n.*): and now again we returned across the quiet streams through the capacious entrance of the Cavern, to the little door, where we had before taken our leave of daylight: which after so long a darkness, we now again hailed with joy.

Before my guide opened the door he told me, I should now have a view of a sight that would surpass all the foregoing. I found that he was in the right; for when he had only half opened the door, it really seemed as if I was looking into Elysium.

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The day seemed to be gradually breaking, and night and darkness to have vanished. At a distance, you again just saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves; and, as we ascended, we saw the boys still playing around the hewn trunk, till at length the reddish purple stripes, in the sky, faintly appeared through the mouth of the hole: yet, just as we came out, the sun was setting in the West.

Thus had I spent nearly the whole afternoon, till it was quite evening, in the Cavern; and when I looked at myself, I was, as to my dress, not much unlike my Guide: my shoes scarcely hung to my feet, they were so soft and so torn by walking so long on the damp sand, and the hard pointed stones.

I paid no more than half-a-crown for seeing all that I had seen; with a trifle to my Guide: for, it seems, he does not get the half-crown, but is obliged to account for it to his master, who lives very comfortably on the revenue he derives from this Cavern; and is able to keep a man to shew it to strangers.

When I came home I sent for a shoe-maker. There was one who lived just opposite; and he immediately came to examine my shoes. He told me he could not sufficiently wonder at the badness of the work, for they were shoes I had brought from Germany. Notwithstanding this, he undertook, as he had no new ones ready, to mend

them for me as well as he could. This led me to make a very agreeable acquaintance with this shoe-maker: for, when I expressed to him my admiration of the Cavern, it pleased him greatly that in so insignificant a place as Castleton, there should be any thing which could inspire people with astonishment, who came from such distant countries; and thereupon offered to take a walk with me, to shew me, at no great distance, the famous mountain called *Mam-Tor*, which is reckoned among the things of most note in Derbyshire.

This mountain, is covered with verdure on its summit, and sides; but at the end it is a steep precipice. The middle part does not, like other mountains, consist of rock, but of a loose earth, which gives way, and either rolls from the top of the precipice in little pieces, or tears itself loose in large masses, and falls with a thundering crash, thus forming an hill on its side which is continually encreasing.

From these circumstances probably is derived the name of *Mam-Tor*, which literally signifies *Mother Hill*; for *Tor*, is either an abbreviation of, or the old word for, *Tower*; and means not only a lofty building, but any eminence. *Mam*, is a familiar term, that obtains, in all languages, for Mother; and this Mountain, like a Mother, produces several other small hills.

The inhabitants here have a superstitious notion,

that this mountain, notwithstanding its daily loss, never decreases, but always keeps its own, and remains the same.

My companion told me a shocking history of an inhabitant of Castleton, who laid a wager, that he would ascend this steep precipice.

As the lower part is not quite so steep, but rather slanting upwards, he could get good hold in this soft loose earth, and clambered up, without looking round. At length he had gained more than half the ascent, and was just at the part, where it projects and overlooks its basis; from this astonishing height the unfortunate man cast down his eyes, whilst the threatning point of the rock hung over him, with tottering masses of earth.

He trembled all over, and was just going to relinquish his hold, not daring to move backwards or forwards: in this manner he hung for some time between heaven and earth, surrounded by despair. However, his sinews would bear it no longer; and therefore, in an effort of despair, he once more collected all his strength, and got hold of, first, one loose stone, and then another; all of which would have failed him, had he not immediately caught hold of another. By these means, however, at length, to his own, as well as to the astonishment of all the spectators, he avoided almost instant and certain death, safely gained the summit of the hill, and won his wager.

I trembled as I heard this relation; seeing the mountain and the precipice in question so near to me, I could not help figuring to myself the man clambering up it.

Not far from hence is *Elden Hole*, a cavity, or pit, or hole in the earth, of such a monstrous depth, that if you throw in a pebble stone, and lay your ear to the hedge of the hole, you hear it falling for a long time.

As soon as it comes to the bottom it emits a sound just as if some one were uttering a loud sigh. The first noise it makes, on its being first parted with, affects the ear like a subterranean thunder. This rumbling, or thundering noise, continues for some time, and then decreases, as the stone falls against first one hard rock and then another, at a greater and a greater depth; and at length when it has for sometime been falling, the noise stops with a kind of whizzing, or a hissing, murmur. The people have also a world of superstitious stories relating to this place; one of which is, that some person once threw into it a goose, which appeared again, at two miles distance, in the great cavern I have already mentioned, quite stripped of its feathers:—But I will not stuff my letters with many of these fabulous histories (*n.*).

They reckon that they have in Derbyshire seven wonders of nature; of which, this *Elden Hole*, the hill of *Mam-Tor*, and the great cavern, I have been at, are the principal. This cavern goes commonly

by a name that is shockingly vulgar: in English it is called *The Devil's Arse o' Peak.*

The remaining four wonders are *Pool's Hole,* which has some resemblance to this that I have seen, as I am told, for I did not see it; next, *St. Ann's Well,* where there are two springs, which rise close to each other; the one of which is boiling-hot, the other as cold as ice; the next is, *Tide's-well,* not far from the town of that name, through which I passed. It is a spring, or well, which in general flows or runs under ground, imperceptibly, and then all at once rushes forth with a mighty rumbling or subterranean noise, which is said to have something musical in it, and overflows its banks. Lastly, *Chatsworth,* a palace, or seat, belonging to the Dukes of Devonshire, at the foot of a mountain, whose summit is covered with eternal snow, and therefore always gives one the idea of winter, at the same time that the most delightful spring blooms at its foot. I can give you no further description of these latter wonders, as I only know them by the account given me by others. They were the subjects with which my guide, the shoe-maker, entertained me during our walk.

While this man was shewing me every thing within his knowledge, that he thought most interesting, he often expressed his admiration on thinking how much of the world I had already seen; and the idea excited in him so lively a

desire to travel, that I had much to do to reason him out of it. He could not help talking of it the whole evening; and again and again protested, that, had he not got a wife and a child, he would set off in the morning, at day-break, along with me; for here in Castleton there is but little to be earned by the hardest labour, or even genius (*n.*); provisions are not cheap; and in short, there is no scope for exertion.—This honest man was not yet thirty.

As we returned, he wished yet to shew me the lead mines, but it was too late. Yet, late as it was, he mended my shoes the same evening, and I must do him the justice to add, in a very masterly manner.

But I am sorry to tell you, I have brought a cough from the cavern, that does not at all please me; indeed it occasions me no little pain, which makes me suppose that one must needs breathe a very unwholesome damp air in this cavern. But then, were that the case, I do not comprehend how my friend *Charon* should have held it out so long, and so well, as he has.

This morning I was up very early in order to view the ruins, and to climb an high hill, alongside of them. The ruins, are directly over the mouth of the hole on the hill, which extends itself some distance over the cavern, beyond the ruins, and always widens; though here in front it is so narrow, that the building takes up the whole.

From the ruins all around, there is nothing but steep rock, so that there is no access to it, but from the town, where a crooked path from the foot of the hill is hewn in the rock, but it is also prodigiously steep.

The spot on which the ruins stand, is now all overgrown with nettles and thistles. Formerly, it is said, there was a bridge from this mountain, to the opposite one, of which one may yet discover some traces, as in the vale, which divides the two rocks, we still find the remains of some of the arches on which the bridge rested. This vale which lies at the back of the ruins, and probably over the cavern, is called the *Cave's Way*, and is one of the greatest thoroughfares to the town. In the part, at which, at some distance, it begins to descend between these two mountains, its descent is so gentle that one is not at all tired in going down it. But if you should happen to miss the way between the two rocks, and continue on the heights, you are in great danger of falling from the rock, which every moment becomes steeper and steeper.

The mountain, on which the ruins stand, is every where rocky. The one on the left of it, which is separated by the vale, is perfectly verdant and fertile, and, on its summit, the pasture lands are divided by stones, piled up in the form of a wall. This green mountain is at least three times as high as that on which the ruins stand.

I began to clamber up the green mountain, which is also pretty steep; and when I had got more than half way up without having once looked back, I was nearly in the same situation as the adventurer who clambered up *Mam-Tor* hill; for when I looked round, I found my eye had not been trained to view, unmoved, so prodigious an height; Castleton, with the surrounding country, lay below me, like a map; the roofs of the houses seemed almost close to the ground, and the mountain, with the ruins itself, seemed to be lying at my feet.

I grew giddy at the prospect, and it required all my reason to convince me that I was in no danger, and that, at all events, I could only scramble down the green turf, in the same manner as I had got up. At length I seemed to grow accustomed to this view, till it really gave me pleasure; and I now climbed quite to the summit, and walked over the meadows, and at length reached the way, which gradually descends between the two mountains.

At the top of the green mountain I met with some neat country girls, who were milking their cows, and coming this same way with their milk-pails on their heads.

This little rural party formed a beautiful group, when some of them with their milk-pails took shelter, as it began to rain, under a part of the rock; beneath which they sat down on natural

stone benches, and there, with pastoral innocence and glee, talked and laughed till the shower was over.

My way led me into the town, from whence I now write, and which I intend leaving in order to begin my journey back to London; but I think I shall not now pursue quite the same road.

Northampton (n.).

WHEN I took leave of the honest shoe-maker, in Castleton, who would have rejoiced to have accompanied me, I resolved to return, not by *Tide's-well*, but by *Wardlow*, which is nearer.

I there found but one single inn, and in it only a landlady, who told me that her husband was at work in the lead-mines; and that the cavern at Castleton, and all that I had yet seen, was nothing to be compared to these lead-mines. Her husband, she said, would be happy to shew them to me.

When I came to offer to pay her for my dinner, she made some difficulty about it; because, as I had neither drank ale, or brandy, by the selling of which she chiefly made her livelihood, she said she could not well make out my bill. On this I called for a mug of ale (which I did not drink) in order to enable me the better to settle her reckoning.

At this same inn I saw my inn-keeper of Tideswell; who, however, had not, like me, come on foot, but prancing proudly on horseback.

As I proceeded, and saw the hills rise before me, which were still fresh in my memory, having so recently become acquainted with them, in my journey thither, I was just reading the passage, in Milton, relative to the creation, in which the Angel describes to Adam how the waters subsided, and

> "Immediately the mountains huge appear
> "Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
> "Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky."
> Book vii. l. 285.

It seemed to me, while reading this passage, as if every thing around me were in the act of creating, and the mountains themselves appeared to emerge or rise; so animated was the scene.

I had felt something, not very unlike this, on my journey hither; as I was sitting opposite to an hill, whose top was covered with trees, and was reading in Milton the sublime description of the combat of the Angels, where the fallen Angels are made, with but little regard to chronology, to attack their antagonists with artillery and cannon, as if it had been a battle on earth, of the present age. The better Angels, however, defend themselves against their *antagonists*, by each seizing on some hill, by the tufts on its summit, tearing

them up by the root, and thus bearing them in their hands, to fling them at their enemy.

"——————they ran, they flew,
"From their foundation loos'ning to and fro,
"They pluck'd the seated hills with all their load,
"Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
"Uplifting bore them in their hands————."

Book vi. l. 642.

I seemed to fancy to myself, that I actually saw an Angel there standing and plucking up an hill before me and shaking it in the air.

When I came to the last village, before I got to Matlock, as it was now evening and dark, I determined to spend the night there; and enquired for an inn, which, I was told, was at the end of the village. And so on I walked, and kept walking till near midnight, before I found this same inn. The place seemed to have no end. On my journey to Castleton, I must either not have passed through this village or not have noticed its length. Much tired, and not a little indisposed, I, at length, arrived at the inn; where I sat myself down by the fire in the kitchen, and asked for something to eat. As they told me, I could not have a bed here, I replied I absolutely would not be driven away, for that if nothing better could be had, I would sit all night by the fire. This I actually prepared to do, and laid my head on the table in order to sleep.

When the people, in the kitchen, thought that

I was asleep, I heard them talking about me, and guessing who, or what I might be. One woman alone seemed to take my part, and said, "I dare "say, he is a well-bred gentleman;" another scouted that notion merely because, as she said, I had come on foot; and "depend on it," said she, "he is some poor travelling creature!" My ears yet ring with the contemptuous tone with which she uttered, "Poor travelling creature!" It seems to express, all the wretchedness of one, who neither has house, nor home; a vagabond, and outcast of society.

At last, when these unfeeling people saw that I was determined, at all events, to stay there all night, they gave me a bed, but not till I had long given up all hopes of getting one. And in the morning, when they asked me a shilling for it, I gave them half-a-crown, adding, with something of an air, that I would have no change. This I did, though, perhaps, foolishly, to shew them, that I was not quite *a poor creature.* And now they took leave of me with great civility, and many excuses; and I now continued my journey much at my ease.

When I had passed Matlock, I did not go again towards Derby, but took the road to the left towards Nottingham. Here the hills gradually disappeared; and my journey now lay through meadow grounds, and cultivated fields.

I must here inform you, that the word *Peake,*

or *Pike*, in old English, signifies a point or summit; the *Peak* of Derbyshire, therefore means that part of the country, which is hilly; or where the mountains are highest.

Towards noon I again came to an eminence, where I found but one single solitary inn, which had a singular inscription on its sign. It was in rhime, and I remember only that it ended with these words, "Refresh and then go on." "Entertainment for man and horse." This I have seen on several signs, but the most common, at all the lesser ale-houses, is "A. B. C. or D. "Dealer in foreign spirituous liquors."

I dined here on cold meat and sallad. This, or else eggs and sallad, was my usual supper, and my dinner too, at the inns at which I stopped. It was but seldom that I had the good fortune to get any thing hot. The sallad, for which they brought me all the ingredients, I was always obliged to dress myself. This, I believe, is always done in England.

The road was now tolerably pleasant, but the country seemed here to be uniform and unvaried even to dullness. However, it was a very fine evening, and as I passed through a village, just before sun-set, several people, who met me accosted me with a phrase, which at first, I thought odd, but which I now think civil, if not polite. As if I could possibly want information on such a point,

as they passed me, they all very courteously told me *'twas a fine evening*, or *a pleasant night.*

I have also often met people who, as they passed me, obligingly and kindly asked: *how do you do?* To which unexpected question from total strangers, I have now learned to answer—*pretty well I thank you, how do you do?*—This manner of address must needs appear very singular to a foreigner, who is all at once asked by a person, whom he has never seen before, how he does?

After I had passed through this village, I came to a green field, at the side of which I met with an ale-house. The mistress was sitting at the window; I asked her, if I could stay the night there, she said no! and shut the window in my face.

This unmannerliness recalled to my recollection, the many receptions of this kind to which I had now so often been exposed; and I could not forbear uttering aloud my indignation at the inhospitality of the English; this harsh sentiment I soon corrected, however, as I walked on, by recollecting, and placing in the opposite scale, the unbounded and unequalled generosity of this nation; and also the many acts of real and substantial kindness, which I had myself experienced in it.

I at last came to another inn, where there was written on the sign: "The Navigation Inn;"

because it is the *depôt*, or storehouse, of the colliers of the Trent.

A rougher or ruder kind of people I never saw than these colliers, whom I here met assembled in the kitchen, and in whose company I was obliged to spend the evening.

Their language, their dress, their manners, were, all of them, singularly vulgar and disagreeable; and their expressions still more so: For, they hardly spoke a word, without adding, *a G— d—— me* to it, and thus cursing, quarrelling, drinking, singing, and fighting, they seemed to be pleased, and to enjoy tbe evening. I must do them the justice to add, that none of them, however, at all molested me, or did me any harm. On the contrary, every one again and again drank my health, and I took care not to forget to drink theirs in return. The treatment of my host at Matlock was still fresh in my memory; and so, as often as I drank, I never omitted saying "Your "healths, gentlemen all!"

When two Englishmen quarrel, the fray is carried on, and decided, rather by actions than by words; though loud and boisterous, they do not say much, and frequently repeat the same thing over and over again, always clinching it with an additional *G— d—— you!* Their anger seems to overpower their utterance, and can find vent only by coming to blows.

The landlady, who sat in the kitchen along

with all this goodly company, was nevertheless well dressed, and a remarkably well-looking woman. As soon as I had supped, I hastened to bed, but could not sleep; my quondam companions, the colliers, made such a noise the whole night through.—In the morning, when I got up, there was not one to be seen, nor heard.

I was now only a few miles from Nottingham, where I arrived towards noon.

This, of all the towns I have yet seen, except London, seemed to me to be one of the best; and is undoubtedly the cleanest. Every thing here wore a modern appearance, and a large place in the centre, scarcely yielded to a London square, in point of beauty.

From the town a charming foot-path leads you across the meadows to the high-road, where there is a bridge over the Trent. Not far from this bridge was an inn, where I dined, though I could get nothing but bread and butter, of which I desired to have a toast made.

Nottingham lies high, and made a beautiful appearance at a distance, with its neat high houses, red-roofs and its lofty steeples. I have not seen so fine a prospect in any other town in England.

I now came through several villages, as Ruddington, Bradmore and Bunny to Castol (*n.*), where I stayed all night.

This whole afternoon I heard the ringing of bells in many of the villages. Probably, it is

some holiday which they thus celebrate. It was cloudy weather, and I felt myself not at all well; and in these circumstances this ringing discomposed me still more; and made me at length quite low spirited and melancholy.

At Castol there were three inns close to each other, in which, to judge only from the outside of the houses, little but poverty was to be expected. In the one at which I at length stopped there was only a landlady, a sick butcher, and a sick carter, both of whom had come there to stay the night. This assemblage of sick persons gave me the idea of an hospital, and depressed me still more. I felt some degree of fever, was very restless all night, and so I kept my bed very late the next morning, 'till the woman of the house came and aroused me, by saying she had been uneasy on my account. And now I formed the resolution to go to Leicester (*n.*) in the post coach.

I was now only four miles from Loughborough, a small, and I think, not a very handsome town, where I arrived late at noon, and dined at the last inn on the road that leads to Leicester. Here again, far beyond expectation, the people treated me like a gentleman, and let me dine in the parlour.

From Loughborough to Leicester, was only ten miles; but the road was sandy and very unpleasant walking.

I came through a village called *Mountsorrel*,

which perhaps takes its name from a little hill at the end of it. As for the rest, it was all one large plain, all the way to Leicester.

Towards evening I came to a pleasant meadow just before I got to Leicester, through which a foot-path led me to the town, which made a good appearance as I viewed it lengthways, and indeed much larger than it really is.

I went up a long street before I got to the house from which the post-coaches set out, and which is also an inn. I here learnt that the stage was to set out that evening for London, but that the inside was already full; some places were however still left on the outside.

Being obliged to bestir myself to get back to London, as the time drew near, when the Hambro' captain, with whom I intend to return, had fixed his departure, I determined to take a place as far as Northampton on the outside.

But this ride from Leicester to Northampton, I shall remember as long as I live.

The coach drove from the yard through a part of the house. The inside passengers got in, in the yard; but we on the outside were obliged to clamber up in the public street, because we should have had no room for our heads to pass under the gateway.

My companions on the top of the coach, were a farmer, a young man very decently dressed, and a black-a-moor.

The getting up alone was at the risk of one's life; and when I was up, I was obliged to sit just at the corner of the coach, with nothing to hold by, but a sort of little handle, fastened on the side. I sat nearest the wheel; and the moment that we set off, I fancied that I saw certain death await me. All I could do, was to take still faster hold of the handle, and to be more and more careful to preserve my balance.

The machine now rolled along with prodigious rapidity, over the stones through the town, and every moment we seemed to fly into the air; so that it was almost a miracle, that we still stuck to the coach, and did not fall. We seemed to be thus on the wing, and to fly, as often as we passed through a village, or went down an hill.

At last the being continually in fear of my life, became insupportable, and as we were going up a hill, and consequently proceeding rather slower than usual, I crept from the top of the coach, and got snug into the basket.

"O, sir, sir, you will be shaken to death!" said the black; but I flattered myself, he exaggerated the unpleasantness of my post.

As long as we went up hill, it was easy and pleasant. And, having had little or no sleep the night before, I was almost asleep among the trunks and the packages; but how was the case altered when we came to go down hill; then all the trunks and parcels began, as it were, to dance

around me, and every thing in the basket seemed to be alive; and I every moment received from them such violent blows, that I thought my last hour was come. I now found that what the black had told me, was no exaggeration; but all my complaints were useless. I was obliged to suffer this torture nearly an hour, till we came to another hill again, when quite shaken to pieces and sadly bruised, I again crept to the top of the coach, and took possession of my former seat. "Ah, did not "I tell you, that you would be shaken to death?" said the black, as I was getting up; but I made him no reply. Indeed I was ashamed; and I now write this as a warning to all strangers to stage-coaches who may happen to take it into their heads, without being used to it, to take a place on the outside of an English post-coach; and still more, a place in the basket.

About midnight we arrived at Harborough, where I could only rest myself a moment, before we were again called to set off, full drive, through a number of villages, so that a few hours before day-break we had reached Northampton, which is, however, thirty three miles from Leicester.

From Harborough to Leicester (*n.*), I had a most dreadful journey, it rained incessantly; and as before we had been covered with dust, we now were soaked with rain. My neighbour, the young man, who sat next me in the middle, that my inconveniences might be compleat (*n.*), every now and

then fell asleep; and, as when asleep, he perpetually bolted and rolled against me, with the whole weight of his body, more than once he was very near pushing me entirely off my seat.

We at last reached Northampton, where I immediately went to bed, and have slept almost till noon. To-morrow morning I intend to continue my journey to London in some other stage-coach.

London, 14*th July*, 1782.

THE journey from Northampton to London I can again hardly call a journey; but rather a perpetual motion, or removal, from one place to another, in a close box: during your conveyance you may, perhaps, if you are in luck, converse with two or three people shut up along with you.

But I was not so fortunate; for my three travelling companions, were all farmers, who slept so soundly, that even the hearty knocks of the head with which they often saluted each other, did not awake them.

Their faces, bloated and discoloured by their copious use of ale and brandy, looked, as they lay before me, like so many lumps of dead flesh. When now and then they woke, sheep, in which they all dealt, was the first and last topic of their

conversation. One of the three, however, differed not a little from the other two: his face was sallow and thin, his eyes quite sunk and hollow, his long lank fingers hung quite loose, and as if detached from his hands. He was, in short, the picture of avarice and misanthropy. The former he certainly was; for at every stage he refused to give the coachman the accustomed perquisite, which every body else paid; and every farthing he was forced to part with, forced a *G—d d—n*, from his heart. As he sat in the coach, he seemed anxious to shun the light; and so shut up every window that he could come at, except, when now and then I opened them to take a slight view of the charms of the country through which we seemed to be flying, rather than driving.

Our road lay through Newport-Pagnel, Dunstable, St. Albans, Barnet to Islington, or rather to London itself. But these names are all I know of the different places.

At Dunstable, if I do not mistake, we breakfasted; and here, as is usual, every thing was paid for in common by all the passengers; as I did not know this, I ordered coffee separately; however, when it came, the three farmers also drank of it, and gave me some of their tea.

They asked me, what part of the world I came from; whereas we in Germany generally inquire, what countryman a person is.

When we had breakfasted, and were again

seated in the coach, all the farmers, the lean one excepted, seemed quite alive again, and now began a conversation on religion and on politics.

One of them brought the history of Samson on the carpet, which the clergyman of his parish, he said, had lately explained, I dare say, very satisfactorily; though this honest farmer still had a great many doubts about the great gate which Samson carried away, and about the foxes with the fire-brands between their tails. In other respects, however, the man seemed not to be either uninformed or sceptical.

They now proceeded to relate to each other various stories chiefly out of the Bible; not merely as important facts, but as interesting narratives, which they would have told and listened to with equal satisfaction, had they met them anywhere else (*n.*). One of them had only heard these stories from his minister in the church, not being able to read them himself.

The one that sat next to him now began to talk about the Jews of the Old Testament, and assured us that the present race were all descended from those old ones. "Aye, and they are all "damned to all eternity!"—said his companion, as coolly and as confidently as if at that moment he had seen them burning in the bottomless pit.

We now frequently took up fresh passengers, who only rode a short distance with us, and then got out again. Among others, was a woman

from London, whose business was, the making of brandy. She entertained us with a very circumstantial narrative of all the shocking scenes, during the late riot in that city (*n.*). What particularly struck me was her saying, that she saw a man, opposite to her house, who was so furious, that he stood on the wall of a house that was already half burnt down, and there, like a dæmon, with his own hands pulled down and tossed about the bricks which the fire had spared, till at length he was shot, and fell back among the flames.

At length we arrived at London without any accident, in a hard rain, about one o'clock. I had been obliged to pay sixteen shillings beforehand at Northampton, for the sixty miles to London. This the coachman seemed not to know for certain, and therefore asked me more earnestly, if I was sure I had paid. I assured him I had; and he took my word.

I looked like a crazy creature, when I arrived in London; notwithstanding which, Mr. Pointer, with whom I left my trunk, received me in the most friendly manner, and desired me during dinner to relate to him my adventures.

The same evening I called on Mr. Leonhardi, who, as I did not wish to hire a lodging for the few days I might be obliged to wait for a fair wind, got me into the Freemason's-tavern. And here I have been waiting these eight days, and the wind still continues contrary for Hambro'; though

I do now most heartily wish for a fair wind, as I can no longer make any improvement, by my stay, since I must keep myself in constant readiness to embark whenever the wind changes; and therefore I dare go no great distance.

Every body here is now full of the Marquis of Rockingham's death, and the change of the ministry in consequence of it. They are much displeased that Fox has given up his seat: and yet it is singular, they still are much concerned, and interest themselves for him, as if whatever interested him, were the interest of the nation (*n.*).

On Tuesday there was an highly important debate in Parliament. Fox was called on to assign the true reasons of his resignation before the nation. At eleven o'clock the gallery was so full, that nobody could get a place; and the debates only begin at three, and lasted this evening till ten.

About four, Fox came. Every one was full of expectation. He spoke at first with great vehemence; but it was observed that he gradually became more and more moderate, and when at length he had vindicated the step he had taken, and shewed it to be, in every point of view, just, wise, and honourable,—he added, with great force and pathos, "and now I stand here once more, as "poor as ever I was." It was impossible to hear such a speech and such declarations unmoved.

General Conway then gave his reasons, why he

did not resign; though he was of the same political principles as Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; he was of the same opinion with them in regard to the independency of America; the more equal representation of the people in parliament, and the regulations necessary in Ireland: but he did not think the present minister, Lord Shelburne, would act contrary to those principles. As soon as he did, he should likewise resign; but not before.

Burke now stood up and made a most elegant, though florid speech, in praise of the late Marquis of Rockingham. As he did not meet with sufficient attention, and heard much talking and many murmurs, he said, with much vehemence, and a sense of injured merit, "*this is not* treatment for "so old a Member of Parliament as I am, and I "will be heard!"—On which there was immediately a most profound silence. After he had said much more in praise of Rockingham, he subjoined, that with regard to General Conway's remaining in the ministry, it reminded him of a fable he had heard in his youth, of a wolf, who, on having cloathed himself as a sheep, was let into the fold by a lamb; who indeed did say to him, where did you get those long nails, and those sharp teeth, mamma? But nevertheless let him in; the consequence of which was, he murdered the whole flock. Now with respect to General Conway, it appeared to him, just as though the lamb certainly did perceive the nails and teeth of

the wolf, but notwithstanding, was so good-tempered to believe that the wolf would change his nature, and become a lamb. By this, he did not mean at all to reflect on Lord Shelburn; only of this he was certain, that the present administration was a thousand times worse, than that under Lord North, (who was present.)

When I heard Mr. Pitt speak, for the first time, I was astonished, that a man of so youthful an appearance should stand up at all: but I was still more astonished to see how, while he spoke, he engaged universal attention. He seems to me not to be more than one and twenty. This same Pitt is now minister, and even Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It is shocking to a Foreigner, to see what violent satires on men, rather than on things, daily appear in the newspapers; of which they tell me there are at least a dozen, if not more, published every day. Some of them side with the ministry, and still more I think with the opposition. A paper that should be quite impartial, if that were possible, I apprehend, would be deemed so insipid as to find no readers. No longer ago than yesterday, it was mentioned in one of these newspapers, that when Fox who is fallen, saw so young a man as Pitt made the minister, he exclaimed with Satan, who, in *Paradise Lost,* on perceiving the man approved by God, called out, "O hateful sight!"

On Thursday the King went with the usual solemnity to prorogue the parliament for a stated time. But, I pass this over as a matter that has already been so often described.

I have also, during this period, become acquainted with Baron Grothaus, the famous walker, to whom I had also a letter of recommendation from Baron Groote of Hambro'. He lives in Chesterfield-house, not far from General Paoli, to whom he has promised to introduce me, if I have time to call on him again.

I have suffered much this week from the violent cough I brought with me from the hole in Derbyshire, so that I could not for some days stir: during which time Messrs. Schonborn and Leonhardi have visited me very attentively, and contributed much to my amendment.

I have been obliged to relate as much about my journey out of London, here, as I probably shall in Germany, of all England in general.—To most people to whom I give an account of my journey, what I have seen is quite new. I must, however, here insert a few remarks on the elocution, or manner of speaking of this country, which I had forgot before to write to you.

English eloquence appears to me not to be nearly so capable of so much variety and diffusion as ours is.—Add to this, in their parliamentary speeches; in sermons, in the pulpit; in the dialogues on the stage; nay, even in common con-

versation, their periods at the end of a sentence are always accompanied, by a certain singular uniform fall of the voice; which, notwithstanding its monotony, has in it something so peculiar, and so difficult, that I defy any foreigner ever completely to acquire it. Mr. Leonhardi, in particular, seemed to me in some passages, which he repeated out of Hamlet, to have learnt to sink his voice, in the true English manner; yet any one might know, from his speaking, that he is not an Englishman. The English place the accent oftener on the adjectives, than they do on the substantive, which, though undoubtedly the most significant word in any sentence, has frequently less stress laid on it, than you hear laid on mere epithets. On the stage they pronounce the syllables and words extremely distinct, so that at the Theatres you may always gain most instruction, in English elocution and pronunciation.

This kingdom is remarkable for running into dialect; even in London they are said to have one. They say for example, *it a'nt* instead of, *it is not*; *I don't know*, for *I do not know*; *I don't know him*, for *I do not know him*; the latter of which phrases has often deceived me, as I mistook a negative for an affirmative.

The word *Sir!* in English has a great variety of significations. With the appellation of *Sir*, an Englishman addresses his *King*, his *friend*, his *foe*, his *servant*, and his dog; he makes use of it when

asking a question politely; and a Member of Parliament, merely to fill up a vacancy, when he happens to be at a loss. *Sir?* In an inquiring tone of voice, signifies, what is your desire?—*Sir!* in an humble tone—gracious sovereign!—*Sir*! in a surly tone, a box on the ear at your service! to a dog it means a good beating.—And in a speech in Parliament, accompanied by a pause, it signifies I cannot now recollect what it is I wish to say farther.

I do not recollect to have heard any expression repeated oftener than this *never mind it!* A porter, one day, fell down, and cut his head on the pavement: "O, never mind it!" said an Englishman who happened to be passing by. When I had my trunk fetched from the ship, in a boat, the waterman rowed among the boats, and his boy who stood at the head of his boat, got a sound drubbing, because the others would not let him pass: "O never mind it!" said the old one, and kept rowing on.

The Germans who have been here any time, almost constantly make use of anglicisms, such as "es will nicht thun," it will not do, for instead of "es ist nicht hinlänglich," it is not sufficient, and many such. Nay some even say, "Ich habe es nicht geminded," I did not mind it, instead of "ich habe mich nicht daran erinnert (*n.*)" "oder daran gedacht," I did not recollect it, or I did not think of it.

You can immediately distinguish Englishmen, when they speak German, by their pronunciation according to the English manner; instead of "Ich befinde mich wohl," they say "Ich befir- (*n.*) "mich u'ohl," I am very well, the *W* being as little noticed as *u* quickly sounded.

I have often heard, when directing any one in the street, the phrase: "go down the street, as "far as ever you can go, and ask any body." Just as we say, "every child can direct you."

I have already noticed in England they learn to write a much finer hand than with us. This probably arises from their making use of only one kind of writing, in which the letters are all so exact, that you would take it for print.

In general, in speaking, reading, in their expressions, and in writing, they seem, in England to have more decided rules than we have. The lowest man expresses himself in proper phrases, and he who publishes a book, at least, writes correctly, though the matter be ever so ordinary. In point of stile, when they write, they seem to be all of the same county, profession, rank, and station.

The printed English sermons are, beyond all question, the best in the world (*n.*); yet I have sometimes heard sad miserable stuff from their pulpits. I have been in some churches where the sermons seemed to have been transcribed or compiled from essays and pamphlets; and the motley composi-

tion, after all, very badly put together. It is said that there are a few (*n.*) in London, by whom some of the English clergy are supposed to get their sermons made for money.

London, 18*th July*.

I write to you now for the last time from London; and, what is still more, from St. Catherine's, one of the most execrable holes in all this great city, where I am obliged to stay, because the great ships arrive in the Thames here, and go from hence, and we shall sail as soon as the wind changes: this it has just now done; yet still, it seems we shall not sail till to-morrow. To day therefore I can still relate to you, all the little that I have farther noticed.

On Monday morning I moved from the Freemason's Tavern to a Publick-house here, of which the master, is a German; and where all the Hambro' Captains lodge. At the Freemason's Tavern, the bill for eight days lodging, breakfast and dinner, came to one guinea and nine shillings, and nine pence. Breakfast, dinner, and coffee, were always with (*n.*) distinction, reckoned a shilling each. For my lodging I paid only twelve shillings a week; which was certainly cheap enough.

At the German's house here in St. Catherine's, on the contrary, every thing is more reasonable,

and you here eat, drink, and lodge, for half-a-guinea a week. Notwithstanding, however, I would not advise any body, who wishes to see London, to lodge here long; for St. Catherine's is one of the most out of the way, and inconvenient places in the whole town.

He who lands here, first sees this miserable narrow dirty street, and this mass of ill built, old, ruinous houses; and of course forms, at first sight, no very favourable idea of this beautiful and renowned city.

From Bullstrode street, or Cavendish-square, to St. Catherine's, is little less than half a days journey. Nevertheless Mr. Schonborn has daily visited me since I have lived here; and I have always walked back half way with him. This evening we took leave of each other, near St. Paul's, and this separation cost me not a few tears.

I have had a very agreeable visit this afternoon from Mr. Hansen, one of the Assistants to the *Zollner* (*n.*) *book for all ranks of men*, who brought me a letter from the Rev. Mr. Zollner at Berlin, and just arrived at London, when I was going away. He is going on business to Liverpool. I have, these few days past, for want of better employment walked through several parts of London that I had not before seen. Yesterday I endeavoured to reach the west end of the town; and I walked several miles, when finding it was

grown quite dark, I turned back quite tired, without having accomplished my end.

Nothing in London makes so disgusting an appearance to a Foreigner, as the butchers' shops; especially in the environs of the Tower. Guts and all the nastiness are thrown into the middle of the street, and cause an insupportable stench.

I have forgot to describe the 'Change to you: this beautiful building is a long square, in the centre of which is an open area where the merchants assemble. All round, there are covered walks supported by pillars, on which the name of the different commercial Nations you may wish to find are written up, that among the crowd of people you may be able to find each other. There are also stone benches made under the covered walks, which after a ramble from St. Catherine's, for example, hither, are very convenient to rest yourself.

On the walls all kinds of hand-bills are stuck up, among others I read one of singular contents. A clergyman exhorted the people not to assent to the shameful Act of Parliament for the toleration of Catholics, by suffering their children, to their eternal ruin, to be instructed and educated by them; but rather to give him, an orthodox clergyman, of the Church of England, this employ, and this emolument.

In the middle of the area is a stone statue of Charles the Second. As I sat here on a bench and

gaz'd on the immense crowds that people London, I thought, that as to mere dress and outward appearance these here did not seem to be materially different from our people at Berlin.

Near the 'Change is a shop, where, for a penny or even an halfpenny only, you may read as many newspapers as you will. There are always a number of people about these shops, who run over the paper as they stand, pay their halfpenny and then go on.

Near the 'Change there is a little steeple with a set of bells, which have a charming tone, but they only chime one or two lively tunes, though, in this part of the city, you constantly hear bells ringing in your ears (*n.*).

It has struck me that in London there is no occasion for any elementary works, or prints, for the instruction of children. One need only lead them into the city and shew them the things themselves as they really are. For here it is contrived as much as possible, to place in view for the public inspection, every production of art, and every effort of industry. Paintings, mechanisms, curiosities of all kinds, are here exhibited in the large and light shop windows, in the most advantageous manner; nor are spectators wanting, who here and there, in the middle of the street, stand still to observe any curious performance. Such a street seemed to me to resemble a well regulated cabinet of curiosities.

But the squares, where the finest houses are, disdain and reject all such shews and ornaments, which are adapted only to shop-keepers' houses. The squares, moreover, are not nearly so crowded, or so populous, as the streets and the other parts of the city. There is nearly as much difference between these squares and the Strand in London, in point of population and bustle, as there is between Mill-bank, and Frederick's-stadt in Berlin.

I do not at present recollect any thing further, my dear friend, worth your attention, which I can now write to you, except that every thing is ready for our departure to-morrow. I paid Captain Hilkes, with whom I came over from Hambro, four guineas for my passage and my board in the Cabin. But Captain Braunschweig, with whom I am to return, charges me five guineas; because provisions, he says, are dearer in London, than at Hambro. I now have related to you all my adventures and all my history from the time that I took leave of you in the street; my voyage hither with Captain Hilkes excepted. Of this all that I think it necessary to mention is, that, to my great dissatisfaction it lasted a fortnight, and three days I was sea-sick. Of my voyage back I will give you a personal account. And now remember me to Biester (*n.*), and farewell till I see you again.

FINIS.

NOTES.

[The biographical notes are taken mainly from the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie* and from the *Dictionary of National Biography*. G. means the German original.]

p. xv. Some authorities give 1757 as the year of his birth. The date 1756 is adopted from the recent editions of *Anton Reiser* by Dr. Henning and Dr. Hardt.

p. 27. *Friedrich Gedike.* See Introduction, p. xvi. With the help of Baron von Zedlitz he achieved great reforms in the higher education of Prussia, and produced reading-books in Latin, Greek, French, and German.

p. 31. *riots.* The anti-Popery riots of 1780.

p. 35. *Wendeborn.* See Introduction, p. xiii note. His *Die statistischen Beiträge zur Kenntniss Grossbritanniens vom Jahre 1779* was followed by other books on England, one of them translated as *A view of England towards the close of the eighteenth century*, 1791.

p. 38. *stacismus* &c. G. *ητacismus und Itacismus. Itacism* is the giving to the Greek vowel *η* the sound-value *ī* (Eng. *ee*) instead of *ē*. See *N. E. D.* under *itacism.*

Leonhardi. See Introduction, p. xiv. He translated into German *The School for Scandal*, *The Beaux Stratagem* (Farquhar), *The False Friend* (Vanbrugh), and *Who's the Dupe?* (Hannah Cowley). See Gödeke, *Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung*, v. 256.

p. 40. *S***r.* G. 'Splittgerber'.

p. 44. *C. F. Gellert* (1715–69).

p. 45. *Gessner's Death of Abel*, translated by Mary Collyer, 1st ed., 1761.

p. 54. *speaker*. The original has *Speaker*, but this is an error.

p. 66. In the eighteenth century the principal squares in Berlin were (1) *Der Gens d'Armes Markt*, (2) *Der Dönhoffsche Platz*, and (3) *Der Wilhelmsplatz*. 'They were named (1) from the King's guards who had their head-quarters there; (2) from Reichsgraf Otto Magnus von Dönhoff (1665–1717) who represented Prussia at the Peace Congress of Utrecht 1712–13; (3) from Prinz Wilhelm, younger brother of Frederick the Great.

p. 67. *Woide*. See Introduction, pp. viii, ix. An appeal for his family and praise of his character are in the *European Magazine*, vol. 17 (1790), p. 405 (Otto zur Linde).

p. 68. *Mr. Wendeborn's book*. See note on p. 35.

p. 69. *Mr. Foot*. Samuel Foote, actor and dramatist (1720–77).

p. 70. *The Agreeable Surprize*, a comic opera in two acts, by John O'Keefe, with music by Dr. Arnold.

The English Merchant, produced by Colman in 1767: founded on *L'Écossaise* of Voltaire. According to Murphy's *Life of Garrick*, it then ran only ten or eleven nights because Colman, against Garrick's wish, insisted on having no farce to follow it.

p. 72. *Mr. Palmer*. An excellent actor of comedy (1742? to 1798).

does remember. The translator has left out *not*.

p. 73. *Edwin*, John, the elder (1749–90) 'for a long time the mainstay of the Haymarket'. *D.N.B.*

last. A correction for *least*, which is clearly a misprint.

p. 74. *Mrs. Webb.* Acted at Haymarket and Covent Garden, 1778–93.

p. 76. *pedantry* here used for *pedagogy.*

p. 77. *Dr. G****.* G. gives the names. Mr. Green's Academy near Paddington.

p. 84. *Gustav Katterfelto* (d. 1799), 'a conjurer and empiric'.

p. 88. *Chargé.* The original has *Chargée. Schönborn.* Gottlob Friedrich Ernst S. (1737–1817), born at Stolberg, went to Copenhagen in 1764, and was one of a circle of men of letters who gathered round the elder Bernstorff. After being Secretary to the Danish Consulate in Algiers, he was Secretary to the Danish Legation in London 1777 to 1802.

p. 96. *Thomson.* The original has *Thompson.*

p. 99. *stage.* Short for stage-coach. Cf. Cowper, ''Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage'.

p. 110. The date of this letter is wrong both in G. and the translation. It should be June 22.

p. 125. *which . . . travelling.* G. 'which here too is quite a usual method of travelling'.

p. 128. *'A stout fellow.'* G. 'a lusty Comrade' (in English).

p. 130. *the resort,* &c. G. 'the usual retreat of indigence and frugality' (in English).

p. 137. *Dr. John Wallis,* Savilian Professor of Geometry in Oxford 1649–1703.

p. 145. *Dr. Priestly. Joseph Priestley,* theologian and man of science (1733–1804).

p. 147. *Maud.* See Introduction, p. xii note.

p. 150. *O Gemini,* &c. G. 'Ei zum Henker, oder Potztausend!'

p. 163. The whole of this paragraph is very freely translated. G. has, for 'But . . . simplicity', simply: 'Though the neighbourhood here is not specially beautiful, yet it has something distinctive and romantic of its own.'

p. 175. G. 'A prodigious wall of rock extended for over a mile along by the river, and in many places hidden paths wound in and out among the bushes.'

p. 178. 'It was perhaps . . . *in loco*' added in the second German edition.

Perlsbeg. G. *Perlberg.*

p. 179. '*at Cambridge or*' added by the translator or editor.

p. 181. *support . . . poor.* G. 'support a son in America and had left the rest of his children poor.'

p. 182. *and a clever . . . learning.* Not in G.

p. 183. 'I once heard it . . . hell-fire' is an addition.

p. 185. *the Peak.* G. 'the cave' (i.e. Peak cavern).

pp. 185–6. *so that . . . Charon.* G. has only 'so that the peculiar illusion produced by the aspect of this Cave at once began'.

p. 187. *old Chaos.* An addition.

p. 188. *suggested . . . reflections.* G. 'gave a wonderful reflection'.

p. 190. *which now,* &c. G. 'which now sparkled in the light of our candles produced that melodious sound.'

mizzling rain is a translation of *Staubbach.*

p. 191. *I thought . . . Nature.* G. has simply 'I prayed'.

p. 193. *melancholy.* G. 'melodious', as on p. 190.

p. 197. *But . . . histories.* G. 'and more tales of this kind'.

p. 199. *by the hardest labour or even genius.* An addition.

p. 202. G. July 5th.

p. 207. *the unbounded,* &c. An expansion of G. 'the occasions when I had been well received'.

p. 209. *Castol.* This must be Costock, between Bunny and Loughborough.

p. 210. *to Leicester.* A mistake. G. 'from Leicester'.

p. 213. *from Harborough to Leicester* should be *to Northampton* as in G.

that . . . compleat. An addition.

p. 216. *not . . . else.* G. 'not as stories assumed to be familiar, but as if they had heard them told as agreeable tales'.

p. 217. *the late riot.* See note on p. 31.

p. 218. *as if . . . nation.* G. 'as for one of whom one is sorry to have to think ill'.

p. 221. *variety and diffusion.* G. 'variations' simply.

p. 223. *for instead of.* This paragraph has been carelessly read by the translator. Thus below, the translator has *hinlanglict* and *errannest,* which are clearly misprints.

p. 224. *befir-.* G. 'befinde'.

the printed . . . world. An addition.

p. 225. *are a few.* G. 'is a Jew'.

with. G. 'without distinction'.

p. 226. Johan Friedrich *Zöllner* (1753–1804). Oberconsistorialrath and Provost of the Nikolaikirche in Berlin. His *Lesebuch für alle Stände* (reading-book for all classes), in ten volumes, contained popular essays on all branches of knowledge.

p. 228. *one or two,* &c. G. 'one lively tune, which constantly rings in the ears of any one in this neighbourhood'.

p. 229. *Biester,* J. E. (1749–1816). Born at Lübeck, in 1777 he became secretary to Baron von Zedlitz in

Berlin, and then librarian of the public library. He was a friend of Gedike, with whom he worked on the *Berlinische Monatsschrift*. He shared Moritz's interest in English literature.

Note on Moritz.

Since this Introduction was written my attention has been called to frequent articles on Moritz in recent German periodical literature. See especially *Euphorion*, xvii. 374, where other references will be found. For his character, his own *Anton Reiser* and the supplement to it by his friend Klischnig, together with the volume here reprinted and the testimony of Goethe (see Introduction, p. xvii note), remain our chief authorities.

P. E. M.

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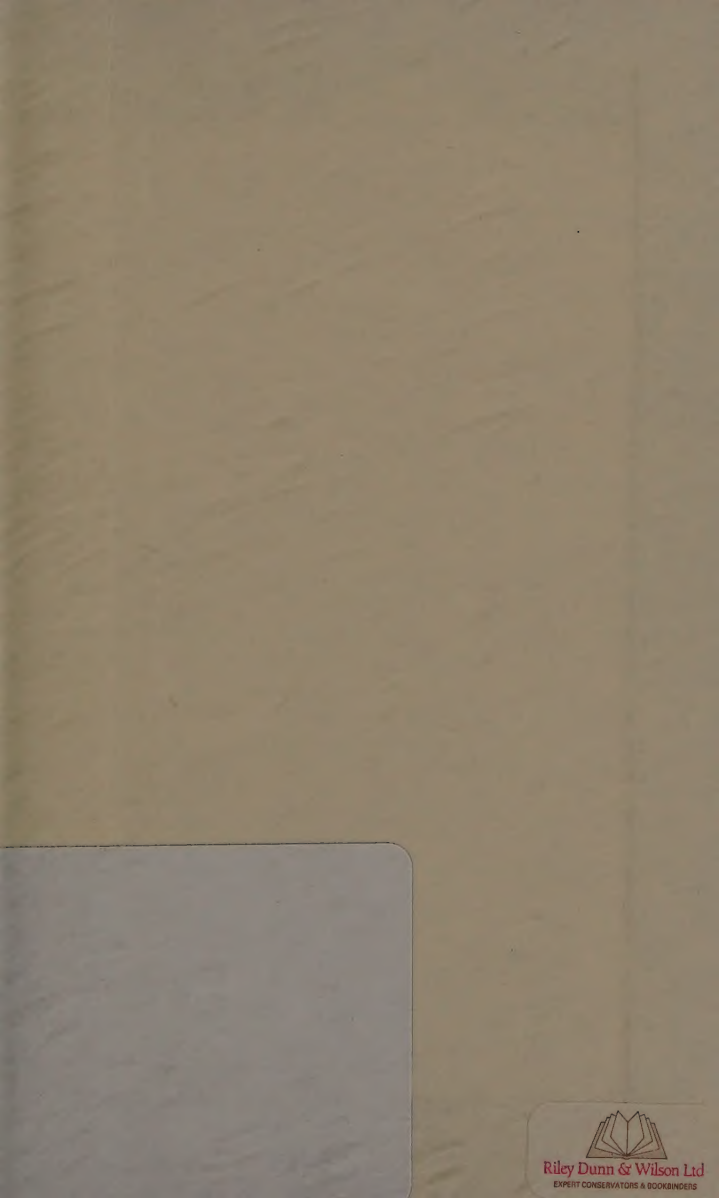
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